AVANT GARDE 5

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FRONT LINES

THE COLORED LADY

Florynce Kennedy, 52, LL.B. (Columbia, '51) and member of the New York Bar, who describes herself as "a middle-aged colored lady" and her profession as "that hustle," was exhausted, her long, handsome brown face drawn with fatigue. It was during the student demonstrations at Columbia last spring, and Miss Kennedy had spent the previous night sleeping upright in a chair in Hamilton Hall, where militant black students were holed up. Now she lay on the narrow foam-rubber couch that is the closest thing to a bed in her office-apartment at 48th Street and Fifth Avenue, still dressed in slacks and turtleneck shirt studded with Black Power and New Left buttons. The room was a sort of organized blizzard of papers, books, and unsorted bric-a-brac.

The phone rang continually. Punching buttons, Miss Kennedy often had two or three callers on the line simultaneously. Meanwhile, propped on a pillow, she kept her elegantly long-nailed fingers busy with a mass of mysterious forms and documents, throwing most into a brimming wastebasket. The callers were mostly politically concerned white people, anxious to know what they could do about this or that crisis. On each she bestowed a description of her condition ("a basket case"), a fiery mini-lecture on the state of American democracy ("but, honey, don't you know the media in this country are all corrupt?"), and a small avalanche of suggestions—hold meetings, sit in, raise money, march, strike, write letters, organize! When not on the telephone, she maintained a lively crackle of jokes and repartee with those in the room: a well-groomed white lady who had arrived with groceries and was enthusiastically preparing dinner, a diffident young black student wanting advice on how to stage a protest at CCNY, and this reporter. Florynce Kennedy, convalescent, was about as quiescent as a forest fire.

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energy is one reason why Miss Kennedy is one of the most influential women in American radical politics today—not on the "national level," for she prefers to work person-to-person, but quietly, at the source of ideas and in the nuts and bolts of organization. Belonging to no clique or party, equally poised with poor blacks or rich whites, she is a sort of free-what-have-you. As a lawyer, she has represented H. Rap Brown and Valerie Solanis, and served as executrix for the estates of Billie Holliday and Charlie Parker. In addition, she is a one-in-a-million person, a unique emulsion of sweet and sour, wit and militance, cynicism and frivolity. And her peculiar eloquence, a combination of New Left dialectic and down-home analogy, makes her little speeches on things political a treat as well as a treatment.

"We're living in a system of oppression," she assures you between mouthfuls of lamb stew. "Everything is geared to oppression; the media program us for it. Look at it this way: A system of society is like a rowboat. Everybody has his position in the boat, right? Now, if you are the person whose position is face-down in the bottom, you're going to be pretty unhappy. But the 'stability' of the system depends on your not getting up, you see? Oppression can exist only with the consent of the oppressed.

"Whenever anybody—that meansblack people or students or women—decides to withdraw consent from oppression, I want to be there, to help out if I can and just see what happens."

Does she see her law practice as part of this struggle?

"Are you kidding, sweetie? Some people have still got the idea that there's such a thing as justice floating around. But, my goodness, they don't know yet that the practice of law in this system has nothing to do with justice! Justice functions only in disputes between weaklings, like matrimonial cases. If there's a case where the Establishment has any interest, forget it. Power is what it's about."

"What about the riots?"

"They're just the product of oppressed Americans following the example of their Uncle Sam in Vietnam: When somebody makes you mad, you burn down their villages. That's the American Way. But I'll tell you this: If America doesn't take care of its black people, its black people will take care of America."

"Well, why do you socialize with white people?"

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"I enjoy white people, though I can understand the feelings of black people who don't. I'm not nearly angry enough inside. Deep-down I'm really very tiny, you see. I refuse to be involved in anything that doesn't have a certain amount of fun in it. I turn the struggle into sort of like a ski trip, where you know you could get hurt but you don't particularly care."

Florynce Kennedy was born in Kansas City, the daughter of a cab driver, and one of five sisters. With three of her sisters, during the 20s and 30s, she had a singing act that played nightclubs and the local radio station. Also, after graduating from high school, she ran a hair shop. "Oh, we were cute, busy little colored kids." But one episode in her childhood was prophetic. Her father had decided to move out of the then-tiny Negro area into a predominantly white neighborhood a few blocks away. They were soon visited at their new home by a delegation of Ku Klux Klan, who advised them to clear out or face the consequences. "My father went into the house," she recalls with a good deal of satisfaction, "and came out with his shotgun. 'The first foot to hit this step belongs to my man,' he said. 'After that, I'm your man.' Well, they ran away and never came back." Those hapless racists didn't know it, but that cabbie's shotgun was the least of his threats to their way of life. He had a daughter named Florynce who was going to make it look tame.

POEMS BY VICTOR CHARLIE

It is customary in wartime to dehumanize "the enemy" as much as possible, to regard the people one fights as rather less real than oneself. How else could we hear every day the proud recitations of "enemy killed" and not be sick with shame? Well, here are poems by three such faceless casualties—just three simple men among the hundreds of thousands destroyed by U.S. fire power and heaped in mass, anonymous graves.

These poems were once part of the "classified" mass of documents, letters, photographs, and other small items found on bodies of Vietcong and filed by computer in Saigon. They were discovered there and stolen by an American and smuggled out to Paris sewn into the jacket of another American. The footnotes are official, giving the place and date of the find, plus the officer responsible for it. The poems appeared in the May issue of the English magazine Nova. This is their first publication in America.

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Death of a Wasp

Hit at last the helicopter howls
screeches, moans with the buzz of a maddened
wasp
raking the air with breaking wings
clawing at the wind,
grey-green insect straining to live!
The white star of war plunges desperately
and here it is: stinging death-wasp
its wings torn off by one small rifle,
belly upwards to the sun
a fresh and bloody bait in the green maw of the
jungle.
Oh wasp, come again, come again wasp!

Nguyen Thien

(Vietcong guerrilla, body recovered after battle four kilometers from Cholon, May 6, 1966.)

Courtship

One night I came to your village,
looked carefully over your hut,
and imagined you sleeping there.
I came by night, in the friendly night.
The monsoon was with me when I came to you
and searched out your hut from all the others,
breathless.
I make do with little, oh my life, my gazelle.
One day you may learn that I came
bearing no gifts, expecting none,
simply to gaze at your door.
Will you laugh at me, and whisper
behind closed fingers,
'Oh mad love, my own mad love'?

Anonymous

(Vietcong officer, body found at Tay Ninh on the night of January 11 to 12, 1966, by Capt. Roberts. Map found with it.)

The Road to Bien Hoa

Many times I have come and gone
on the road that leads to Bien Hoa.
I have known the dragon and the lizard
on the road that leads to Bien Hoa.
Knives rifles boots rice blood
tins meat fruit vegetables tea
ammunition mortars bombs and women's
laughter
all come and go again on the road that leads
to Bien Hoa.
Many days again they will pass to and fro
when the clear and treacherous morning has
crept up on us.
Suns moons new seasons and the shoots
of bamboo
disfigured children and our own dead bodies,
black tides, white tides, oil and alcohol
drifting and eddying around Bien Hoa.
Until the great monsoon of our people
blows at last along the road to Bien Hoa.

Anonymous

(Body found in the Bien Cat district, Province of Thu Dau Mot, by Sgt. Chanp, February 4, 1966.)

ONWARD CHRISTIAN...RADICALS!

In the dirty front window of a non-descript three-story building a block off New York's Bowery stands a dilapidated statue of St. Francis. Indoors are a not-too-sanitary soup kitchen and a rough newspaper office. Decorating the walls are hortatory quotations from Nehru and Fidel Castro. This is the New York headquarters of the Catholic Worker Movement, probably the most vigorous remnant of 1930s-type social and political radicalism in America.

Founded in 1933 when legendary activist Dorothy Day met the visionary philosopher Peter Maurin, the Catholic Worker Movement was and is a unique blend of pacifism, radical Catholicism, back-to-the-land utopianism, and class-struggle ideology. Miss Day still lives, at Tivoli, N.Y., on one of the half-dozen Catholic Worker farms maintained for anyone who wants to flee the city in pursuit of the ideal life. Maurin has been dead for 20 years. Yet the movement keeps going because, somehow, despite its somewhat old-fashioned, fusty flavor, it continues to attract younger people for whom the lures of contemporary leftist ideologies are either too bloodthirsty or too impersonal.

Jack Cook, 29, a husky, sandy-haired young man with a gentle, nervous manner, is more or less by default the overseer of the New York chapter, which includes, besides the "house of hospitality" near the Bowery, about 15 apartments in Lower Manhattan where homeless men, young dropouts, and wandering radicals are housed for free. Anywhere from 50 to 200 skid-row denizens show up for each meal at the soup kitchen he supervises—unaccompanied, in his words, by "the religious sop which so often is served with the soup in the Salvation Army and the missions." It is also his job to see to the distribution of 91,000 Catholic Worker newspapers 10 times a year. The Catholic Worker, which made its first appearance at a May Day rally in 1933, is really the center of the movement. Distributed in bundles to all parts of the globe, it is an eight-page tabloid often featuring essays by Miss Day and such notable Catholic writers as Thomas Merton and Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, in addition to news of movement activities—which, of late, as in any time of war, prominently include going to jail. It sells for one cent a copy.

Cook himself is patiently waiting on the pleasure of the courts. He long ago turned in his draft card and has openly "aided and abetted" draft resisters and even deserters ever since. The New York center's fame as a haven for AWOLs and underground railroad station for resisters on their way to Canada, though exaggerated, makes it a target for frequent FBI stake-outs and even, on occasion, an undercover agent masquerading as a Bowery

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bum. Although their calls for a "green revolution" (urbanization in reverse) now sound a bit anachronistic, the Catholic Workers have lost none of their vim when it comes to opposing war. Fathers Daniel and Philip Berrigan, now famous for their mutilation of draft records, have been frequent collaborators in the movement.

Aside from their politics, what the Workers are all about is service. Not service as a do-good activity, but service as a real life alternative in a corrupt, materialistic society. It is a sort of mixture of optimistic philosophy and total self-sacrifice resembling penance—a secular priesthood complete with voluntary poverty and social isolation. In fact, many of the movement's devotees are ex-priests and nuns, the very intensity of whose Catholicism has alienated them from the Church. Cook, who takes a pragmatic attitude to the movement, would not agree with the flowery way in which it is often described, but he does see in it a basic type of Christianity.

"There are," he says, "two traditions in religion—institutional and enthusiastic. We are enthusiasts, looking for ways to live our beliefs." Naturally this stand often infuriates members of the Church proper, whose experience of religion is so thoroughly "institutional" that they cannot comprehend how the movement can reconcile its ideas with the word "Catholic" in its title. Cook has no such difficulty. "It is fitting," he wrote recently, defending the movement's affinity for the "dregs of society" (much as Jesus Christ had to on occasion), "that those who choose to be nationless, stateless, and members of the human race, rather than racists, nationalists, and patriots, should live among the homeless and uprooted. It is to the community of man that we are responsible; it is in the face of its obvious and constant denial that we affirm it."

The movement has been fond of a particular quotation from Chesterton: "The Christian ideal has not been tried and found wanting. It has been found difficult and left untried." It may turn out that, after all, nothing short of fire power can really change the world. But it will not be because the Catholic Workers and those like them did not give "the Christian ideal" one last, brave whirl.

IZZY'S MILLIONS

Israel ("Izzy") Young, a big enthusiastic man of 40, is proprietor of the underground's answer to Lincoln Center—a 20' by 20' combination guitar shop and

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night-concert hall in Greenwich Village called the Folklore Center. There, since 1957, Young has staged about 400 folk concerts, including the New York debuts of Bob Dylan, Tim Buckley, Peggy Seeger, and the New Lost City Ramblers, among others, plus dozens of jazz concerts and a hundred or more poetry readings. In the process, he has become something of a legend in his own time, which must be what keeps him going. Certainly he's not in it for the money.

Young was born in 1928 on the Lower East Side, the son of immigrant Polish Jews. He was a bright kid, graduating from high school at 16, but an aimless college student, dropping out at 21. He was infected by his father's reverence for high culture, but also by a sense of inadequacy. His personal, somewhat wistful answer was to become "the best square-dancer and square-dance caller in America." Aside from that, his major occupation for seven years was loitering around the Fourth Avenue bookstores, "a mascot" to the intellectual types who frequented them.

His founding of the Folklore Center changed everything. "My intellectual life and my sex life," he says, only a little grimly, "began in 1957." He has since built a reputation as a discoverer of talent, nonprofit impresario, and general all-around individualist. His method for choosing performers and readers is simple. Anyone who asks him, and seems likeable, is in. "At worst," he says, "I'll have wasted a couple of hours of my life"—not infrequently the case, since many programs, at a net of 25 cents a head, hardly pay for the mimeographed programs. However, his policy makes for terrific variety. Recently a reading by seven young black poets was closely followed by one consisting of eight young Jewish poets from the Bronx. In any case, it is as much for himself as for the worlds of avant-garde letters and folk music that Young, an eternal student, suffers the labor and risks of his dedication. "It's all part of my personal great cultural revolution. This is my way of making it up to myself for all those years I pissed away."

Currently, Young has a radio show on WBAI-FM and is at work on an autobiography. The first volume, almost done, is about his youth; the second about his "wasted" years; the third about his current phase; and the fourth is to start with his 50th birthday—"when I begin the final great work of my life. You know, if I died right now, it would be a real shame."

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sirs

I should have let you know right after your first issue that I think your magazine, aside from being the most visually beautiful publication I have ever seen, is perfectly superb. So much do my friends agree with me, in fact, that I have to hide every issue to make sure I'll be able to read it more than once.

Have you ever thought of assigning someone really mean to do an article on Lewis Hershey? It would boost your college circulation by about 78%. Once again, consider me delighted with the magazine, and the best of luck and lots of money to you in the future.

Robert Coxe
Princeton University
Princeton, N.J.

To the Editors

I have often wondered what happens to little boys and girls who write graffiti on toilet walls. Now I know. They grow up to edit magazines like Ramparts, The Realist, and the slickest of the sicks, Avant-Garde. How you all love to spew verbal poison against the American society that tolerates your presence. I am sure you realize that were you residing in one of your beloved Communist societies and attacked it as virulently, in a matter of hours or days you would be incarcerated or, more probably, shot.

Herman Stowell King
Newport News, Va.

Dear Sir:

I have just read the latest issue of Avant-Garde. It has given me an intellectual erection. Please rush me a subscription blank so that I may achieve fulfillment.

Hoag Levins
Camden, N.J.

Gentlemen

Well, that's funny, but your "anonymous artist" ["The First Church of Love," A-G No. 3] has a style identical to that of the well-known artist Mathias Klarwein. Moreover, the painting reproduced on pp. 34-37 is not an anonymous work but is, in fact, Klarwein's "Grain de Sable 1966," a painting especially famous among the surrealist painters of Central Europe.

Perhaps your artist wishes to "remain anonymous out of distaste for what he calls the 'obscene name cult' of modern art," but I think he is just a plagiarist who steals other people's material. Please, no more of this garbage. Be professional!

Francois Giroux
Montreal, Quebec

Editor's Note: Avant-Garde brought this letter to the attention of the creator of "The First Church of Love." He had this to say: "M. Giroux, I am afraid, has the matter turned around. My work is absolutely original. Klarwein is the plagiarizer, and a third rate one at that."

Dear Sirs

As an incurable addict of radio station WBAI, I was delighted to see and read Fred Powledge's article, "Switched-On Radio," in your fourth issue. At last those unsung heroes of the airways have gotten due praise! However, I think Powledge was just a little wide-eyed in his belief of everything told him by those put-on artists Fass, Post, and Josephson. For instance, he swallows their tale of having staged a "nude broadcast," an inspired hoax if ever I heard one. It was a hoax—wasn't it?

Julian Styles
New York City

Editor's Note: Nope. The staff of WBAI, jealous of their credibility, keep photographic documentation on hand for just such occasions. They supplied Avant-Garde with a photo of nude broad-caster Marti Whitehead:

haverhill's

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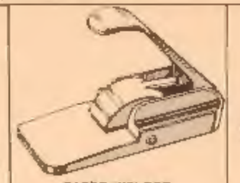

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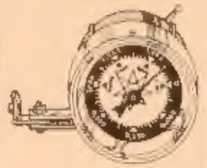

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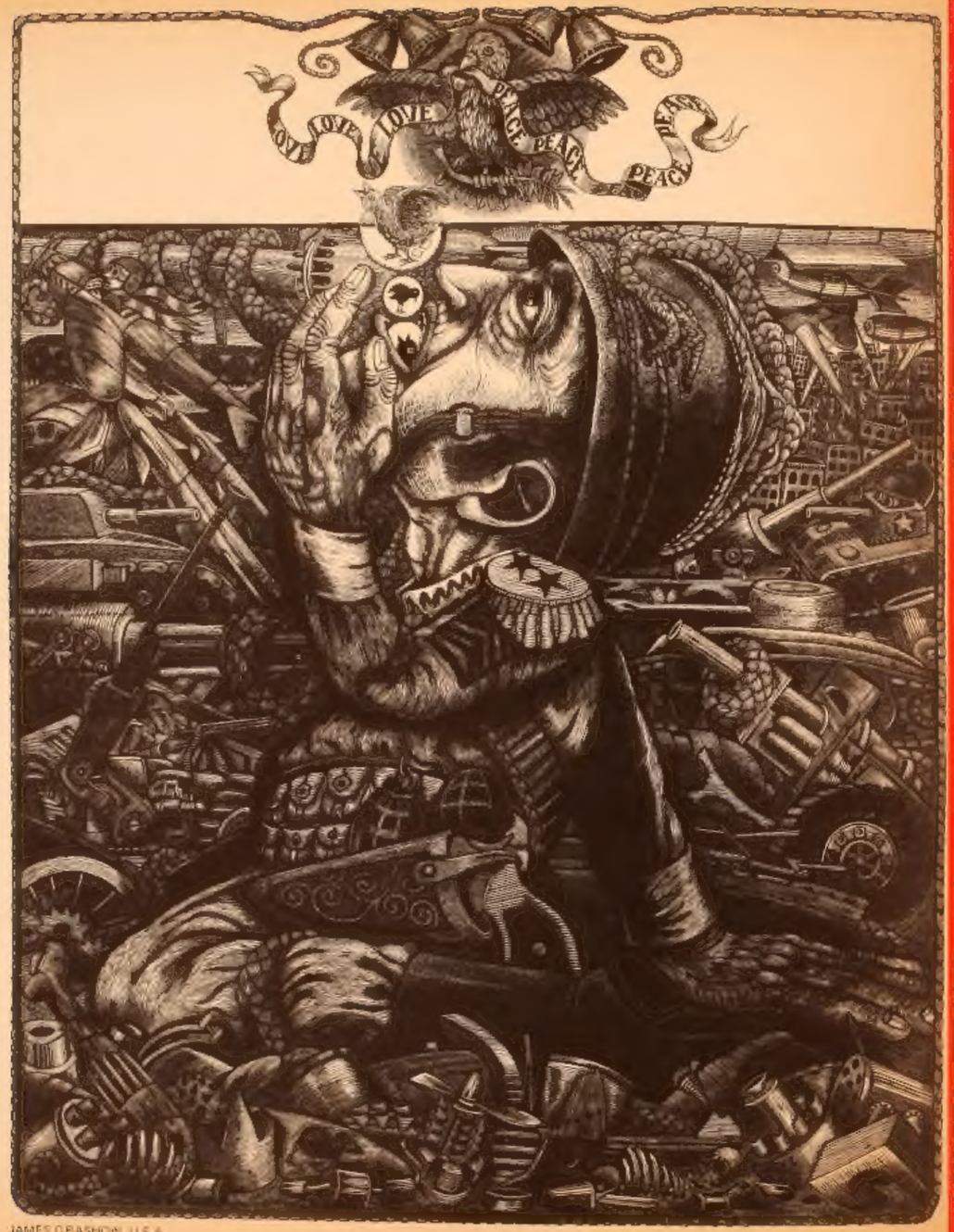
ANNOUNCING: WINNERS OF THE "NO MORE WAR!" POSTER CONTEST

LOU MYERS, U.S.A.

RON AND KAREN BOWEN, U.S.A.

Avant-Garde's "No More War!" poster contest, announced nine months ago, brought a response that swamped our expectations: Over 2000 entries from two dozen countries. Especially surprising and heartening was the large number of entries from "Iron Curtain" nations, especially Poland and Czechoslovakia, and from Japan. The craving for peace, in this era of endless war, is evidently universal, as is the art of the poster. Discounting the vast number of entries whose sentiments surpassed their graphic artistry, the final selection was still enormously difficult, and the number of winners could easily have been doubled without any loss in quality. The winning posters are presented on these six pages. The theme most conspicuous in winning posters is a wholesale rejection of militarism, of the military ideal. Nothing is seen as more dangerous than the notion that war is glorious or a fit occupation for man. Understandably, the United States is often viewed as the embodiment of contemporary militarism—our government's persistence in a genocidal war in the name of "freedom" makes it a logical target for the poster-maker's savage art. And nothing could better oppose the dehumanized rhetoric of escalation than these images of wit and passion, proclaiming, against the mindless "domino theories" and "pacification programs," the universal human demand: "NO MORE WAR!"



JAMES O.RASHOW, U.S.A.

Fuck War.

Dillwyn Jones
Robert Cohen

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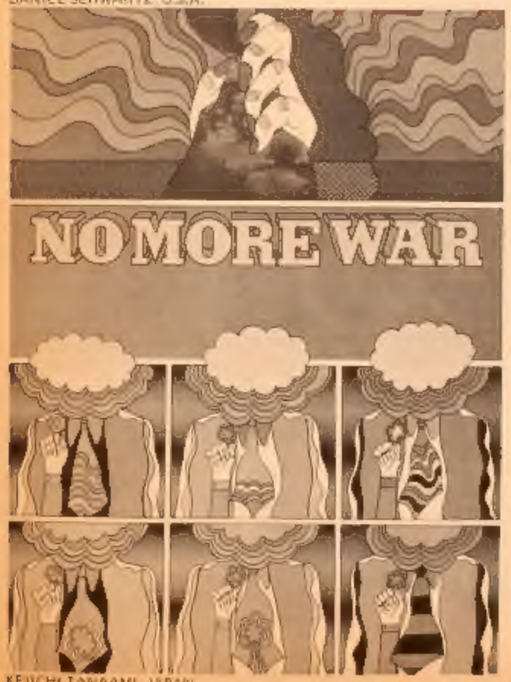
HARVEY STEWART AND LAWRENCE CORBY, U.S.A.

DANIEL SCHWARTZ, U.S.A.

HIROKATSU HIJIKATA, JAPAN



KEIICHI TANAAMI, JAPAN

HANS BUTER, HOLLAND

IN THE WHITE HOUSE DOGHOUSE

BY RALPH SCHOENSTEIN

A NEW YORK WRITER GIVES A GALLING ACCOUNT OF HOW UPTIGHT WHITE HOUSE AIDES SUPPRESSED A BOOK HE HAD WRITTEN ON LBJ'S DOGS

We pretty soon now Lyndon Johnson won't be President any more and all those awful things people have accused him of will be dead letters (or will be new letters addressed to someone else). Then too, what with the horrible events of the past couple of years, I don't suppose anybody can even remember that business. (Was there trivial issues like "news management" could get everyone excited. Oh, those were the days!) However before I've finally missed my chance forever I thought I should tell America the following true-life cautionary tale how on April Fool's Day in 1965, a man named Dan Kramer called and asked me if I wanted to write a book about Lyndon Johnson's dogs. And further how I innocently agreed to do the book and how I did it. And finally how I became the sudder but wiser man I am today.

Dan Kramer, without whom this grisly story would never have been written, was the head of a small telephone company who packaged books on the side. He devised ideas and then found writers to execute them. So he wanted me to do this book. He told me about Him, the beagle, and Blanco, the collie, and how Johnson practically *lived* with them, for Chrissake, and nobody knew about it. He told me that Liz Carpenter, Lady Bird's press secretary, was anxious to cooperate. He told me a lot of things, but I remained skeptical until he said, "Look, it would be a great story. We could really swing with it. People *love* dogs and they *love* Johnson. Just look at the polls!"

Dan had a point there. I made a quick mental calculation, adding the number of Johnson voters to the audience of *Lassie*. It came out looking very much like a million dollars. Visions of prompt royalty payments danced through my head.

"I'll do it," I said.

Things got off to a fast start. Dan had a partnership contract drawn up saying that he had final word in all business decisions and I was in charge of all matters aesthetic. Profits were to be split 50-50. Fearing that we might be scooped by Bernard Geis or the *National Geographic*, we agreed on a policy of maximum speed and secrecy. Four days later, we stood together at the White House gate.

No one can enter the White House without identification, so we had to show cards to a guard at the gate. Dan showed a telephone credit card and I, with a casually official air, flashed a membership in Vic Tanny's. Little did the guard know that I was 20 payments behind. After waving us past his booth, he picked up a phone to tell another guard inside the East Wing door that Mr. Kramer and Mr. Schoenstein were coming to see Mrs. Carpenter.

A girl in her early 20s greeted us. "Hi, you must be Mr. Kramer and Mr. Schoenstein." She had the elegant, bubbly air of a Bryn Mawr pledge in the Peace Corps. We introduced ourselves and she said, "Swell! I'm Marcia Maddox. We're all terribly excited about your book."

In the second floor office of the staff director and press secretary to Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson we met Elizabeth Carpenter, a round little woman who was a celebrity in her own right: she had twice made the press section of *Time* for distinguished public relations boners.

"I really don't know much about the dogs," she said in a thick Texan. This was certainly true: in an interview she had once called Him "that bitch." "They really belong to Lucy."

May I talk to Lucy?" I said, figuring that I'd start small and work my way up to Daddy.

"You can get all you need from Mr. Bryant," said Liz. "He's the man who takes care of the dogs. Marcia will you have Bryant come up here, please."

While the keeper of the hounds was being summoned, Liz told us how "charmed" she felt this book could be.

"We'll work right along with you," she said, "and check your whole manuscript before it comes out."

I felt a chill of foreboding, a little warning from somewhere between my brain and my belly.

A few minutes later, Dan and I were standing in the Rose Garden with Traphes Bryant, White House electrician and special presidential assistant for dogs, who'd been telling us how much time LBJ spent with Him and Blanco. Pointing toward the French door of Johnson's office, he said, "Why, they've been in there with him for three hours already today."

Across 20 yards of lawn, I strained to see through the door and then, incredible as it sounds, I saw it: the back of the President of the United States.

The President really loves those animals," said Bryant. "He just about lives with 'em." Then he spun some wonderful tales about America's First Dogs for example that Blanco was a junkie. "We got 'im on tranquilizers," he said as I scribbled notes. "He's kind of a nervous wreck."

"Well, it's a tough spot for a dog," I said. "Too much pressure. What kind of tranquilizers does he take?"

"Now don't go printin' our brand names."

"Of *course* not, we don't want the White House endorsing dope. You can trust the discretion of a newspaperman."

Fortunately, I wasn't a newspaperman.

Even without using the brand names of doggie goofballs I could see what kind of book this was going to be: a new view of the President's personal life. In too many recent stories LBJ had been painted as a vain and ruthless man; but this would be a touching revelation of his softness and humanity.

"Look," I told Bryant, "this book will have to give a three-dimensional picture of man *and* beast." My tone turned softly confidential. "Can you *really* give me all the dirt on these dogs? I mean I don't want to get you into trouble with—well, with—" I looked toward the Big Back.

"Oh, don't worry," he said. "I'm civil service."

A few minutes later, when Him and Blanco finally came out to Bryant, I tried to detect signs of their having just spent three hours at the feet of the most powerful man in the world, but I saw just a playful beagle and a high-strung collie. Nevertheless, when Him licked my hand I decided never to wash it again.

On the plane going back to New York, I suddenly turned to Dan and [illegible] seen the wing on fire. "Dan, we're not going to clear this book with Liz Carpenter, are we?"

"Of course not," he said. "If we show it to her, it'll just be a courtesy. She won't have any right to make changes."

But my panic was such that I needed a reprise of reassurance. "Dan, this is tremendously important. I think that woman expects to approve the book before publication, but I don't clear books with *anyone*, but my editor. We don't want this to be a put-up handout for Johnson."

"Relax, she'll love it."

I *know* she'll love it. I mean I'm not using the dogs to do a hatchet job on Johnson—but it's a bad idea to give press agents a chance to approve copy, even presidential ones. And that dame seems a little dizzy to me, anyway. In fact, that whole office is like a sorority.

"For Chrissake, will you *relax*! I tell ya, *no* one down there is gonna fool around with your integrity. *You* know I [illegible] gone rape you. I have too much respect for your work."

[illegible]

HIM AND BLANCO—A STORY OF THE PRESIDENT'S DOGS

One cold night the President of the United States [illegible] an affair with a [illegible] dogs: a beagle named Him and a collie named Blanco.

I love these dogs as [illegible] Johnson said [illegible] in his therapy. His rapport with them is like the rapport between FDR and Fala. When he's at his desk he [illegible] or his feet or on his lap and sometimes chewing his rugs. They go with him on working press conferences around the White House lawn, [illegible] chase an occasional squirrel up a tree. They fly with him in jets to Austin and in helicopters to Camp David; they swim in the White House fountains; they romp with the world's VIPs; they greet Luci when she returns from school; and sometimes, at night, they flop on the bed of Mr. and Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson.

The next two paragraphs of the outline told what a fine book this would be for dog lovers, Democrats, and Nelson Doubleday.

Dan sent a copy of the outline by registered mail to Liz Carpenter and the original to Ken McCormick, editor-in-chief of Doubleday. When [illegible] accepted [illegible] of this advance I wanted to take the money and go to Brazil. Dan [illegible] the book.

[redacted]

In late April we hired a photographer from a big New York newspaper (I shall remain nameless, a man [illegible] at the White House, who would get $5.50 for each day of bootleg shooting. We then gave Liz a list of pictures we wanted him to take, we requested a brief interview for me with the President and we set up a second visit to the White House. Meanwhile, at newspaper morgues and public libraries, I had begun my personal research. I was learning more about Lyndon Johnson and beagles than I had ever intended to. I learned that both breeds had much in common: toughness, playfulness, great loyalty, simple tastes, and not unnoticeable ears.

Dan and I made our second arrival at the White House on a splendid spring day: the south lawn lamps were aflame, the sun was smiling on photography and I was eager to get to the dogs. After we had taken some fast pictures of Him and Blanco outside their doghouse we went over to shoot on the lawn near the south portico. All the time, I kept questioning Bryant about the dogs. What were the hobbies, their tastes, their opinions? Did they ever lick a Kennedy, nuzzle Rusk or bite Gromyko? What were the details of their life with LBJ? He told me delightful story after story, stories that had never been printed before.

At the south driveway we met Marcia Maddox, who told me, "I have a *swell* source of material for this book of yours on White House ceremonies." She then described the source, but I couldn't listen too closely because of one nagging thought: *who* was doing a book on White House ceremonies? Had she mistaken me for someone else? Amy Vanderbilt perhaps—or hadn't Liz shown her the outline? I felt the same foreboding that had chilled me on the flight with Dan. Marcia had been made my dog liaison girl, but she didn't seem to know what the hell I was doing. Perhaps this was a shrewd smoke-screen to keep the operation classified. Perhaps "White House ceremonies" was a code name.

"Thanks," I said, admitting no more than I had to.

"How many of the pictures on our list can we take?" Dan asked her.

"What list?" she said.

This girl had true discipline: she wasn't revealing a thing.

"This list," said Dan, giving her a copy.

When she had read almost half of it she suddenly stopped with the look of a Girl Scout who'd just learned she was pregnant. "Oh, my *goodness*!" she cried. "You can't take any of *these*! These—why, they'd be just *impossible*! I—I—I don't dare even *show* this to the President!"

I explained that they'd need no special posing, we only wanted to shoot some of his routine with the dogs.

"Out of the *question*!" she said, flirting with hysteria. "You can't take these pictures and you *certainly* can't interview the President!"

But [illegible] and Andy [illegible] *Parade*. And we represent [illegible] much *bigger*. We're *Doubleday* [illegible] and the name is an anthem.

Well, as that was *last* year. Things are different now.

And then she turned and went back to the office of public relations.

All through the spring and into the summer I worked on the book, doing no writing for newspapers, magazines, or TV. I drew small sums from the kitty now and then to keep my children fed. Meanwhile, our photographer was merrily firing away at $150 a day, and I made three more trips to the dogs. I also made several phone calls to Bryant to check my facts.

At last it was done: 20,000 words of satirical, fantastical juvenile documentary, *Boy at the Fence* (so-called because Dan demanded a vestigial plot-line so we could cash in on movie rights). Dan loved it. More important, Ken McCormick loved it. Ken called it "endearing, amusing, and moving," and "enchanting," and "that rarest of literary commodities: a unique book." Then I learned from another Doubleday editor that the sales projection for my unique book was 100,000 copies. Not that I was surprised. I had always aimed for 100,000 sales. My last book had fallen only 96,000 short.

When I next saw Dan, he was all set to go to Hollywood. I tried to dissuade him. "I think we'd better forget about that," I told him. "This book isn't exactly *Ben Hur*. It wouldn't even make a very good newsreel. Most of the action is mental, so they'd have to film my mind."

"Down, boy," he said. "I've got Disney and six others waiting to read this thing. By the way, bring a carbon of the book to my office so I can send it to Liz."

No! You promised—"

Relax, relax. It's just a courtesy to set up the movie. We've *got* to have a rapport with her if we want to go the whole route with this thing."

"Well, I'm not making any *changes* for her."

"Of *course* not, we just wanna keep her happy. *You* know how women can get."

One day the following week, I returned home to find a message from my wife. "The *White House* called. Could it be *Our Lord Himself*?" The paper had only a phone number. While nervously dialing it I thought, "How nice of the President to take time out from bombing Hanoi to tell me he likes the book."

"Hello, Mr. Schoenstein," said a familiar Texas voice. "This is Liz Carpenter."

"Yes, how are you?" I said, sinking fast.

"Well, I can't say I'm *happy*. I read your book and it's just *impossible*! There's somethin' on every page that makes the President look foolish." As an example, she quoted a line on page 2 that spoofed Bobby Kennedy. When I asked her for *other* examples of anti-LBJ prose, she said, "Well, I haven't read the *whole* book, but it's full of 'em."

"How much *have* you read?" I said.

"The first six pages. But I know the rest is just as bad. Why, the girls are in a state of collapse."

This didn't seem to be the best position for them to work in, but it wasn't my place to tell Liz how to run her office. The poor woman had enough trouble just reading.

"Look," she said, "you better come right on down here and we'll rewrite the book from scratch because *this* way it can't be printed. I absolutely won't approve it."

"Well, I happen to feel that it's a very favorable portrait of the President."

"Good God, if the boys in the West Wing ever saw this, they'd *drop dead*!"

"I don't see why. It's a happy, harmless book. I'll bet the President would

love s

"Mr Schoenstein, if the President ever knew I'd been part of something like this, he'd tell me to go straight to hell. Look, this is supposed to be a picture book, isn't it? Well I *love* the pictures, so you just come on down here right away and I'll help you re-do the words Bring Mr Kramer, too."

"He's out of town for a few days."

"Well, you have him call me the *moment* he gets back, if you want this book to come out "

For almost a minute after putting down the phone, I was too stunned to move or speak I sat in silent nausea and watched whole warehouses of books go up in smoke By the time I was able to dial Dan's number in Beverly Hills I had decided that we'd just have to ignore Liz Carpenter and all her compossible ladies. After all, we didn't *need* her approva. Disney would just have to build his own White House

When I told Dan how Liz had panicked, he convincingly explained how we would simply go to Washington and calm her down.

"She doesn't sound ca mable," I said

"Then let her scream. She has no say in the thing, anyway

"Well, you better come right back I don't like the way she wants to turn my prose into a photo album

"I *can't* come right now I'm still sp bulling with producers. I want to get a few more at studies."

The first six had been that *Boy at the Fence* would make a rotten movie

Eight days later Dan rushed back to deal with the crisis. He had spent two weeks and $1 200 of our money to learn something I had told him, free At last he called Liz and said we'd see her in a few days. We first wanted time to go over the book

At five o'clock on the afternoon of September 24, I was trying to balance my checkbook with the new math when the phone rang. The message had a B bical simplic ty "Ralph. this is Ken. We're in trouble Liz hates the book."

"I know," I said "she called me So she won't buy a copy."

He then said that Liz had called Evelyn Metzger Doubleday s Wash ngton editor and passed an hysterical hour suggesting that this book not be published Evelyn had relayed the panic to Ken adding some of her own for Liz was an old friend and a dear contact Thus another collapsible female had come to guide my pen I was a literary mouse in a ladies' room

"Look, Ken " I said "we don t have to please *Liz Carpenter* She had no *right* to make any changes she's just a *press* agent We don t need her approval "

"That's true " he said "and ordinarily I'd tell her to go to hell But you see Ra ph we have we have some pretty big things going for us down there I don't have to spell it out for you."

Spelled out, it would have read O-T-H-E-R B-O-O-K-S

"But we can't turn the book into a *press* release for *Johnson!* Ken, *she's* not my editor *You are*"

"Yes, of course but I'm afraid you'll stu ave to go down there and see what changes she wants. And I'd ike you to go alone She finds Dan very brash In fact and please don t tell him this—the Secret Service has had him investigated."

I froze It was lucky the Secret Service hadn t investigated *me* I had once written a fan letter to Henry Wallace

But Ken, the woman's *crazy!* She reads only *six* pages and she didn't unders s and *those* "

"Yes, I know. Johnson has them a bit overtrained down there But unless you can make the changes she wants or at least find a way to make her happy I m afraid we can t do the book

At this point Dan saw Ken, who made the interesting suggestion that—as a *favor* to him—we take the book to another house Dan and I hired a lawyer Arthur King. King, having heard the whole story, carefully checked our contract with Doubleday, looked up and solemnly said, "Gentlemen, you're being screwed." He then wrote a etter to Ken informing him of the ironclad rights and wrongs of the matter

Ken squirmed "Look," he told me over the phone "we might be able to save this thing, if we could see the changes Liz wants. At least you should *try* to compromise w th her "

"Our lawyer says we don't have to. Her corrections are in Washington and you don't even have a right o see them.

We at least keep an open mind."

"You re damn right"

I was fired up for Dan kept saying, "You're being raped, dad, and that doesn't happen to writers I work with "

But then I took King's suggestion that Dan and I see Liz pure y as an act of good faith, not because of any legal obligation Meanwhile Ken continued to make reassuring noises. "I m sure she'll be reasonable when you see her," he cooed. "She's just a bit overtrained." The sense of unreality in all this was simply terrific. Whoever heard of muzzling a *dog book*? Was this America? And here I was readying for a creative conference with an hysterical woman.

When Dan and I walked into Liz' office that afternoon of Monday, October 4, she wasted no time with pre-censorship small talk

"This would be an *awful* thing to print," she sa d, handing me the marked-up manuscript "It's just *full* of things that would make the President look *terrible* all over the wor d. I mean, the Voice of *America* would end up apologizin' for this book For instance you say that Lum chewed up the rug in the President's office Well, that just never happened

"I m sorry," I said, "but I happen to know that it *did*." I may have been a traitor, but one of my friends was Traphes Bryant

She came out fast for the second round "We you ve got Blanco on *tranquilizers* You just can't write things like that about a *President's dog* "

"Why? Are you afraid of mail from dog lovers?"

'Be ieve me Mr Schoenstein, we d get mail about this book Why you got one line in there about the dogs runnin' the country "

'That one wi p obably be taken as a joke by anyone with an IQ over 80 "

"Well, you just look at all those *other* things I caught " Turning to Dan she said "I can [illegible]

Quickly looking through the manuscript, I saw she had made certain dele tions lines 5 8, 10 14 o 19, 23, 28, 29 and so on in a rather regular progression. Of the 65 pages, only 14 were untouched by her patriotic pencil However, she did give some thought to the book's continuity by never cutting more than one paragraph on any single page. In this short account I can't begin to do justice to her unique editorial skil , but here are some memorable samples

On page 2, she cut all but the first sentence of this paragraph

The bond between this dog on the couch and this man at the desk was like the one that had held Fala and FDR Had the Republicans been aware of this rapport they might have attacked Him the way they'd once attacked Fala, for Him was even more vulnerable he'd already chewed up three of the taxpayer's rugs; and one of his woolly snacks was a six-inch piece of this office. In short, he'd been consuming the very White House where no citizens' dogs were allowed. And he was yet to flush a rabbit from the Green Room.

On page 3, here were seven cuts and a slight revision of this me

Him got sacks of cards saying that Her had gone to a higher kennel and the White House was assaulted by offers of pets.

Liz cut "assaulted" and put in "besieged."

One third of page 4 was cut but page 5 ost only a little about Blanco's tranquilizers and a phrase about Hum s mind. In this sentence, Liz cut the last four words

Him was soon licking the collie that had bitten him, revealing his three most striking traits: merriness, courage, and a low IQ.

On page 7, she cut this entire paragraph

This masseur was the man who'd been damned for hoisting Him by the ears, the man who'd been branded anti-beagle by a shocked republic There hadn't been so much howling about a pet since the charge that FDR had sent a destroyer to bring Fala from the South Pacific To many Americans, an ear cut was worse than a sea lift, but the truth was there'd been no ear lift: LBJ had simply put his hands under the back of Him's front legs to raise him for pictures, and when Him suddenly turned, the hands had slipped to his ears. But the hind legs had never left the ground.

Here Liz had finally caught me in a mistake As a courtesy to the President, I had told the offic al White House version of this story, which conflicted with the reporting of the story in *The New York Times* and 400 other papers Incredibly Liz had cut a *lie* I'd del berately used to make her boss look good'

Before reaching page 21 I found six other cuts of background materia, about LBJ that I'd taken from the *Times* Page 8 ost the parenthetical line in this passage

Bryant remembered how the Boss had scolded him because the dogs hadn t been ready for a helicopter ride to meet the astronauts. (They'd been doing some incommunicado tree-climbing with Luci.

In the margin at the middle of page 9, there was writ en the word "AW-FUL " Other margins carried question marks beside se f-explanatory prose but Liz' loudest outcry was made beside the last paragraph of chapter one, which she'd crossed out w th two bo d Xs. As f the Xs might have caused some ambiguity she had also filled the margin with an enormous "NO!" Her howl was against this

Then Him and Bianco followed their best friend into his office and lay down near his desk while he brooded about atoms split by Mao Tse-tung.

Of all the corrections in the book, 65 pages worth of creative stupidity, I was perplexed by this one. for it wasn t as patently absurd as all the others. To what was Liz objecting? That the dogs lay near the President's desk? That he brooded? Or that Mao had the bomb?

When I finally looked up from the manuscript, I said, "I m afraid these corrections are just—well just *silly*. I mean, they don't make any *sense* "

"Mr Schoenstein," she said. "if I ever showed that to the boys in the West Wing they'd drop *dead!* It just isn't dig-*nified* and the President *has* to be presented with dignity "

But it s a warm happy picture of him It's *three-dimensional* Dignity is *dull* And the President *needs* this kind of human portrait right now his press is *terrible* Papers are printing Messiah jokes about him. I just think your opinion of this book is as wrong as it can be and so does my editor Here read this. With a little flourish, I dropped Ken s letter on her desk, the letter that said that rarest of literary commodities a unique book

After reading t she said, "Well, this must be a very young and irresponsible man "

I smiled benignly "He's the editor-in-chief of the biggest publishing house in America.

"Then he s a *nut!* Look Mr Schoenstein you never said you were going to put in all those *political* things. This isn the book you were supposed to write

"I m afraid you ve forgotten our original outline," said Dan, putting it before her "It leaves room for both dog charm *and* news "

She read it with a frown, but neither facts nor logic could stay her trusty gands. "Well, there's news and there's *news* " she explained. "I tell you you two just don t understand the *people* down here how they'd *take* this. Her cause for concern seemed to have shifted from international affairs to bourgeois whispers on Chevy Chase "I want you both to *know* something." Her voice was rising in rhetoric "My loyalty isn't to *you* or to *Doubleday* it s to the President o the United States "

I felt a splendid urge to salute something, but instead I said, "Look, we a have plenty of time today Why don't we go over your changes page by page and try to work these things out?"

"Oh I can t do that," she said. "Gwen Cafritz is expecting me for cocktails."

During the whole flight back to New York I studied the incredible document that Liz had let me take a censored dog book I was supposed to consider all her changes and then make them

In the days that followed, I was sucked into a legal maelstrom into charges and countercharges, threats and counter threats from King, Kramer Carpenter McCormick my wife and three lawyers at Doubleday I walked the streets not knowing where my book would ever be printed or in what language. As an adu t book? A children s book? Or a teenager's guide to famous kennels? I grew to hate the sight of beagles When Him became a father I didn't even send a card

Meanwhile as Doubleday canceled our April publication date Dan and I started showing the book to other houses Within 10 days we had an acceptance from Fleet a company with no special interests at the White House At last I had reason for hope. I had found a house that would print my book the way I wrote it if I could just get it back from Doubleday

In the midst of frustrating personal negotiations with Ken who hedged and continued to talk tiredly of a compromise with Liz, I got a call from Dan He had made an interesting decision After carefully weighing all the factors involved except my career, he decided he had to keep Liz happy because he wanted to keep dealing with the White House He now leaned towards an intelligently censored book done by Doubleday or a children's book done by Fleet. And so my own partner had deserted to the enemy had joined the pack of those who were sacrificing me to keep the White House greased for business

In a final act of desperation I called King and told him how I'd been trying to get the book back from Ken He laughed "Are you *kidding*?" he said "I talked to Doubleday's lawyer on Friday They plan to print this book with or without your consent In fact, *you* have nothing to say about it. The business contract's with Kramer

But they can t *do* this!" I cried

'Look kid," he sa d. "don t be a Joan of Arc

My own lawyer had accused me of being a martyr in drag.

I hung up the phone and stared glassily at a pile of books I had used for research. On top was *The Johnson Treatment* Then I called Ken

I ve changed my mind," I said softly "You can print the book in any form you want. But take my name off it I'll give you a pseudonym "

"I'm glad you finally understand what s involved here " he said

A few days later, while I was looking at a picture of Lyndon Johnson's abdominal scar ("dignity"), the phone rang. It was a te evision producer who had an idea for a great new comedy he wanted me to write Its hero was a talking dog

Early one Saturday morning in June 1966, I was walking near the East River brooding about the state of the world and the fate of my book. It seems that Doubleday had sent it back to the White House. where a member of Johnson's staff was busy revising it a challenging job for it's not ch d'play to remove all political references from a book about the President. I felt the patriot s thrill when I thought of my lofty collaborator, whose name cou dn t be revealed to me Who was he? McGeorge Bundy? Bi Moyers? In February Ken had told me that as soon as the book had been decontaminated by this distinguished rewrite man, it could be scheduled for publication. Would it finally come out during the administration of Lyndon Johnson? The literary world was breathless

As I approached the corner of 8 st Street, I suddenly saw Ken McCormick s secretary who lived just a few doors from me, undoubtedly planted there as spy

Sure I told her, with a gay offhandedness s whatever happened to that—that oh it s on the tip of my tongue of *course* that book about Johnson's dog?"

Oh we decided not to do it she said "We gave it back to Kramer "

"You mean you've dropped it for *good*?"

"Yes, we just couldn't get together with the White House on it."

So my book was no longer just censored. It was now officially killed. Of course, Dan and I could have taken it to another publisher, but for two reasons this wasn't practical a) I was no longer talking to Dan 2) Him had *also* been officially killed run down by a government car If *only* the book had been out! I was sick to think of how many copies we could have sold at the funera

BY JEROME D. FRANK, M.D.

On the Psychological Aspects of Creating a Stable World Order

The eminent Johns Hopkins psychiatrist points out "startling" similarities between the behavior of individuals and nations and tells how psychological knowledge can help to reduce international conflict

No psychiatrist or psychologist would be so rash as to claim that he can make solid or positive inferences about the behavior of nations from that of individuals. Obviously a host of new and important factors come into play in passing from the individual to the national level. National policies, however, are made by decision-makers acting individually or as members of committees, so that insights gained by observation of persons in private and group interviews may not be without relevance. In fact, it is startling how often similarities between the behavior of nations and individuals seem to emerge when one starts to look for them. Calling attention to some of these similarities may raise questions that policymakers would wish to consider in their deliberations.

It should be made explicit that my observations will deal only with the motives and behavior of normal people. As in the rest of medicine, one learns about health through studying illness. Persons with problems reveal processes that operate in everyone but are often obscured in persons who are functioning well.

For the first time in history all nations are faced with the possibility of sudden annihilation. This forces them to re-examine traditional ways of conducting their affairs and to devise the new ways of dealing with each other that are more appropriate to the conditions of life today. Such an undertaking requires examination of the greatest possible range of information and ideas from all fields of knowledge that might possibly have something to offer. I believe that the study of human nature is such a field. (I should like to note that views I shall express here are my personal opinions and not necessarily those of any organization to which I belong.)

The role of psychological factors in international conflict has not gone unnoticed by national leaders. For example, Gen. Douglas MacArthur, addressing the American Legion in 1955, said:

"The present tensions with their threat of national annihilation are kept alive by two great illusions. The one, a complete belief on the part of the Soviet world that the capitalist countries are preparing to attack it, that sooner or later we intend to strike. And the other a complete belief on the part of the capitalist countries that the Soviets are preparing to attack us, that, sooner or later, they intend to strike.

"Both are wrong. Each side, so far as the masses are concerned, is equally desirous of peace. For either side, war with the other would mean nothing but disaster. Both equally dread it. But the constant acceleration of preparation may well, without specific intent, ultimately produce a spontaneous combustion."

General MacArthur called attention to an important psychological principle that appears highly relevant to international affairs: namely, that a person's beliefs and expectations largely determine how he thinks and behaves. Since members of the same society tend to share the same beliefs, this principle becomes important in understanding how nations see and behave toward each other.

In order to survive, every person has to organize the flood of experiences pouring in on him to enable him to predict what the effects of his behavior will be upon both things and other people. This organizing process starts as soon as he is born, and is guided by his experiences with his family and other people in his society. The expectations thus created filter and arrange incoming information.

We are not aware that our expectations are constantly shaping our picture of the world because the process goes on outside of consciousness. To take a simple example, a psychologist had Mexican and American schoolteachers look into a device that showed a different picture to each eye at the same time. A picture of a baseball player was presented to one eye and a picture of a bullfighter to the other. An overwhelming proportion of the Mexicans "saw" the bullfighter, an overwhelming proportion of the Americans saw the baseball player. What they saw was largely determined by whether they were Mexicans or Americans.

A person's group membership also influences what he hears and remembers. Back in 1941 some Republicans and Democrats were asked to listen to a speech containing equal numbers of statements for and against the New Deal. A little while later they were asked what it contained. The Republicans said it was a speech denouncing the New Deal and remembered quotations supporting their position. The Democrats said it favored the New Deal and recalled quotations supporting this view.

The pictures of the world formed by the expectations of members of every society and nation resemble each other in many ways but differ in others, and each believes its own to be true just as true as that the sun will rise tomorrow.

When nations are in conflict, the images of each other that they form regularly take on the same features. Each adversary sees itself as peacefully inclined and the other as aggressive.

Contributing to the formation of the "enemy image" of the enemy is a psychological process termed "psycho-logic": the continuous effort to make one's world-view emotionally consistent even if it is not logically consistent. Thus, once nations find themselves in a position of mutual antagonism, each interprets all actions of the other as based on bad motives, just as its own acts always spring from good ones. This has several unfortunate consequences.

The view that another nation's acts always have hostile motives may create a self-fulfilling prophecy. This term refers to the fact that sometimes a person's expectations cause him to do things that make his expectations come true. A striking domestic example occurred in 1929 at the start of the depression. Many depositors in solvent banks expected them to fail. They therefore hastened to withdraw their deposits, thereby bringing about the very bank failures they feared.

The classic example of the self-fulfilling prophecy in international relations is an arms race. Each side anticipates an attack by the other. In response to this expectation, each arms itself, thereby convincing the other that its fears are justified, leading to another round of arms increases.

When nations are heavily armed and mutually fearful, this kind of conflict spiral can lead to war with breathtaking speed, as occurred immediately preceding the outbreak of World War I. Detailed analysis of thousands of state papers produced in the weeks following the assassination of Archduke Ferdinand at Sarajevo has revealed that the leaders of each of the great powers saw themselves as offering friendship but receiving hostility. That is, each selectively emphasized the other's hostile gestures and discounted their friendly ones. These mutual distortions led to the reciprocal acts that in a few weeks culminated in a general war from which Europe has never really recovered.

Once nations are actually fighting, similar acts are viewed as evil when committed by the enemy and morally neutral when performed by us. An unpleasant example of this double standard of morality is the concept of atrocities. All modern wars involve the killing of noncombatants. In the course of time certain traditional forms of killing gradually come to be recognized as legitimate. Other forms, that sooner or later appear in any war, are regarded as illegitimate or unavoidable by the side that resorts to them, and as atrocious by the other. Each side then uses the atrocities committed by the other to confirm its harsh view of the enemy and justify its own acts. Thus in World War I the German General von Hausen saw nothing wrong in shooting down Belgian civilian hostages because the Belgian Government "approved perfidious street fighting, contrary to international law." In Vietnam each side is outraged by the "atrocities" of which each accuses the other. We dwell on the assassinations and tortures committed by the Vietcong. Communist leaders castigate Americans for using "the most cruel and barbaric means of annihilating people," by which they mean new antipersonnel weapons, chemical destruction of crops, and napalm made possible by our more advanced technology. As we see it, we resort to these measures reluctantly and only out of necessity. In this way, we preserve our own self-image as a humane, compassionate people.

The image of the enemy as evil finally acts to block acceptance of his genuine conciliatory moves. Since he is, by definition, implacably hostile, an apparently friendly gesture tends to be seen either as evidence of his weakening or as an effort to create dissension within our own ranks. The usual response to such a move, therefore, is angry rejection coupled with reassertion of one's undiminished determination to continue the fight. A recent example was Peking's rejecting as "frauds," to use their word, American offers to let our scientists and scholars visit China and Chinese ones visit the United States, and Senator Mansfield's proposal for an Asian conference.

Psychological dynamisms like the mirror image of the enemy, the double standard of morality, and the self-fulfilling prophecy operate in all nations at war and impede efforts to restore peace. The Vietnam war has an additional, tension-producing feature: a strong ideological component. To understand what this implies, it is necessary to consider briefly the psychological functions of ideologies.

A psychologically crucial part of the reality world of any group is its beliefs about the meaning of existence. Every person has to shield himself somehow from the unendurable realization that his individual life is a very transitory and insignificant event in an ongoing universe. He does this by embracing an ideology or religion that links his life to some larger, more enduring purpose. For many this is an abstraction like God or democracy or communism. A shared ideology is vital not only to the individual but to his group as well, since the common philosophy of life binds the members together. Therefore, for many persons surrendering the belief that gives meaning to their lives and links them to their group would be intolerable: it would represent a kind of psychological death harder to contemplate than biological death.

The existence of a group that holds an ideology differing from our own creates anxiety. Why? Because the very fact that they maintain different beliefs implies that ours might be wrong. The sense of mutual threat is intensified if each of the rival ideologies requires its adherents to convert or destroy believers in the other. In the past this has been true of Islam and Christianity, of Catholicism and Protestantism. It used to be true of communism and free enterprise, and probably still is in the minds of old-time Chinese Communists.

Humans, like all living creatures, are incited to violence by threats to their survival. We differ from all other creatures primarily in our power to symbolize, so that we respond with violence not only to actual provocations like direct threats to life or property, but to psychological

ones like threats to our ideology or self-esteem.

In the Vietnam war, psychological issues have become very important. From a strictly materialistic standpoint the territory of Vietnam is of limited strategic importance to us, and the Vietcong would be much better off economically if they peacefully acquiesced to our presence. But we see behind the struggle over territory such psychological issues as whether our will or that of China is stronger, whether other nations can trust our commitments, and above all, whose view of the world will eventually prevail.

Judging from their statements, our adversaries see themselves as fighting against neo-colonialism, a concept loaded with psychological overtones and also, for some, to further the ideology of communism.

Thus the Vietnam war has assumed an ideological character similar to the holy wars of former times, and this has ominous implications. People who are fighting for their ideals seldom if ever can be forced into surrendering by punishment. One can control behavior by punishment, as every parent knows. But whether punishment changes the child's basic attitude or not, depends mainly on whether he believes it to be deserved. If he does, he feels guilty for having transgressed and renounces the bad behavior indefinitely. If he feels the punishment to be unjust, he will stop misbehaving, to be sure, but only while the punisher can observe him. The first time he believes he can get away with it, he will resume his misdeeds. At the same time the punishment increases his resentment and rebelliousness, provoking him to more mischief. Children who have been harshly punished are more prone to become delinquents than those who have been disciplined in gentler ways.

Nations at war, if they could be said to resemble children at all, clearly would be like the ones who believe the punishment to be unjust. Since they see themselves as righteous, punishment by their opponents, far from making them contrite, is bitterly resented. While a defeated nation may be forced to accept the victor's terms, it typically bides its time until it can get revenge. This seems to be one of the reasons why one war so often leads to another, as in the cycle of wars between France and Germany between 1870 and 1940.

Insofar as the Vietnam war resembles a holy war, punishment would seem to have particularly little likelihood of success. To suffer and die for a holy cause is highly virtuous, and one hopes to convert others through the example of one's own sacrifice. The notion that one can cause people to abandon their ideologies by inflicting pain on them should have died in Rome with the Christian martyrs. In contrast to wars fought for tangible spoils, ideological wars have no natural end point. As a result, in the past they have characteristically been stopped only by exhaustion of both sides after tremendous carnage, with the survivors still clinging to their respective beliefs. Today, with weapons of unlimited destructive power lurking in the wings, such wars threaten to expand until they destroy civilization.

These are some of the dark aspects of the picture as a psychologist sees it. Fortunately, the same conditions of life that have created new dangers have also created new incentives and means for overcoming them. From a psychological standpoint, the central long-term task is to learn to understand and deal with people of other nations on their own terms. The new incentives are, on the one hand, the threat of mutual annihilation if nations do not mend their ways and, on the other, the enormous gains in human welfare nations could achieve by working together. As President Johnson has said:

"The most exciting horizons are in the life of man himself and what we can do to improve it. We can eliminate poverty. We can cure man's ills, extend man's life, and raise man's hopes."

The new means for promoting international cooperation are supplied by gigantic advances in communication and transportation like Telstar and jet transports. Psychologists, psychiatrists, and others have accumulated considerable information as to how to foster mutually helpful communication among citizens of different nations and avoid the pitfalls involved, but it would go too far afield to review their findings here.

Modern science has created new means of reducing international tension, however, that deserve a word of comment. Many scientific projects that have only recently become feasible require international cooperation to obtain their full benefits. Examples are weather control and space exploration. An experiment done in a boys' camp some years ago suggests that activities requiring cooperation between hostile groups have a powerful effect in reducing mutual antagonism. In this experiment, boys who were initially strangers to each other were formed into two groups. Then the groups were made enemies through athletic competitions. In time they became like two hostile nations. The members of each group chose their friends only from among themselves, looked down on members of the other, and the two groups fought at every opportunity. Once when a member of one tried to act as a peacemaker, he was promptly ostracized by his fellows. Simply bringing the two groups together did nothing to reduce their mutual antagonism. However, when the camp director surreptitiously arranged matters so that both groups had to cooperate (mutual hostility rapidly diminished). For example, the secret was arranged for the camp water supply to be interrupted, and the whole camp had to get [illegible] repaired. The truck carrying food for an overnight hike unaccountably ran into a ditch and stalled, and all the boys had to get on the tow rope to pull it out. It took a series of such events to break down the hostility between the two groups, but friendly relations were eventually completely restored.

I would hesitate to generalize from 12-year-old boys to nations in conflict were it not for certain obvious parallels. In a sense the nations of the world today are in the same predicament as the boys in the camp. They will have to cooperate in order to survive. Moreover, working together toward common goals seems also to be effective on the international scene. For example, cooperation of many nations in the Antarctic to gain valuable information about the earth's surface that no one of them could acquire alone led to its complete demilitarization and a treaty which has given no trouble at all.

The development of the Mekong River delta is a similar undertaking. On a larger scale, President Johnson's recent initiatives toward keeping the moon and planets open for international scientific cooperation on the model of Antarctica are most encouraging. Just as everybody would lose in a nuclear war, in this type of project everybody gains.

But this is for the future. A pressing, immediate task is to "build bridges" – to borrow former Defense Secretary McNamara's phrase – between mainland China and the United States. This requires overcoming formidable barriers on both sides. It takes considerable courage to try to make contact with a distrusted adversary, because this exposes one to dangers not only from him but from one's own side as well. The peacemaker's own group is apt to accuse him of disloyalty, while the opponent may try to take advantage of his good will to dupe him or ferret out secrets.

The first step, and probably psychologically the most difficult one, would be for the United States to be willing to re-examine its own image of China. We know that they misjudge our intentions. Can we be sure that we are not to some extent misjudging theirs? We would have to open our minds to the possibility that their bluster is motivated in large part by fear of our intentions toward them. This view gains plausibility from the illuminating review of the history of the relations of China with the Western powers presented at recent hearings of the Senate Foreign Relations committee.

The problem of establishing communication with China and North Vietnam involves overcoming intense mutual mistrust. Here perhaps what psychiatrists have learned about establishing communication with a frightened, angry, and suspicious person may have some relevance. The first step we have found is simply to show a persistent willingness to listen to such a person and to refuse to be discouraged by his rebuffs. You studiously avoid provoking him. At the same time you firmly defend yourself against physical attack, but you ignore merely verbal abuse.

In approaching a deeply suspicious person it does not pay to be too friendly. Since he is convinced that you mean him no good, he is prone to misinterpret an overly friendly manner as an effort to put something over on him. So a firm, reserved but not unfriendly manner makes more headway than effusiveness. With persistence in this approach, in time he may come to believe that your professed desire to understand and help him may not be entirely insincere, and the first steps toward useful communication have been made.

Assuming that we are willing to broaden communication with China in an effort to reduce mutual tension, a similar strategy may be appropriate. Our recent proposals may be a beginning. They have met the expected angry rejection, but this should not discourage us from continuing. In view of China's historic sense of humiliation, perhaps we should be prepared to go even further and accept some symbolic humiliation at their hands. If, as is generally anticipated, they scornfully reject the first invitation to join the U.N., perhaps our best strategy would be to urge that the invitation be repeated until it looks as if, by accepting it, they are doing the rest of the world a favor rather than the reverse.

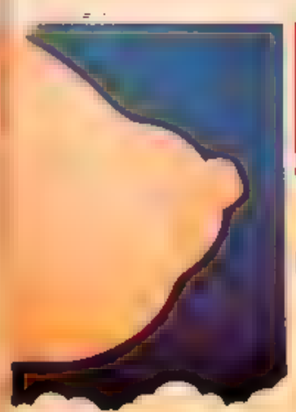
Sometimes it helps to get a frightened, suspicious person overhear you discussing him with someone else. This permits him to listen without having to acknowledge that he is doing so and does not put him under any pressure to respond. That is, it leaves the initiative with him. For these reasons, permitting him to eavesdrop may be less apt to arouse his anxiety and suspicion than a direct attempt to influence him. To make a long jump, the public discussion of our Vietnam and China policies now going on in the United States, which is being overheard by those nations and the rest of the world, may have similar values. Of course, it does carry the danger of reinforcing the adversary's mistaken belief that our determination to resist will weaken if they persist long enough.

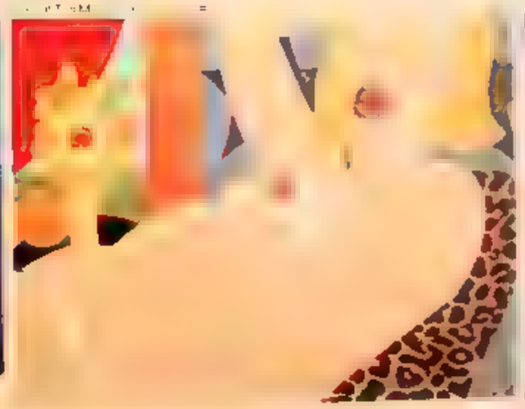
But the demonstration that important American policymakers and segments of the public are actively trying to understand our adversaries' view of the world and are searching for ways to improve relations with them might be a better way of relieving their fears concerning our intentions than attempts to reassure them directly.

To conclude, in this shrinking interdependent world living daily under the threat of destruction, all nations must eventually learn to understand each other's point of view. They must learn to accept and live with their differences, while searching for and exploiting shared beliefs and goals. This is necessary for the creation of a stable world order that will exclude war as a way of settling international conflicts. I have tried to suggest a few of the psychological aspects of this staggering task, which may indeed prove to be beyond human capabilities. If nations fail to master it, the days of civilization are probably numbered. If they succeed, the potentials for human welfare will have no bounds.

TOM WESSELMAN: PLEASURE PAINTER

Tom Wesselman is (with Warhol, Oldenburg, Lichtenstein, Rosenquist, and Dine) one of the half-dozen American Pop artists whose work seems likely to survive the vagaries of present and future fashion. His brilliant, sensual style and concentration on erotic subject matter, so shocking a few years ago, already have taken on a remarkably "classic" look. Certainly he has done much to reinstate the nude as a subject for serious modern art. And his lush, Matisse-derived color-forms, infused with Pop literalism, have helped establish a uniquely American way of painting that is at once formal, figurative, and plain fun. Wesselman's paintings are about pleasure. They are feasts of color, sunlight, flesh, and undulating form that you can almost taste and feel as well as see. They are about all kinds of pleasure, not just sex—though they do mostly contain nudes or parts of nudes (breasts, feet, or hips dangling suggestive cigarettes). An orange or a pillow in an interior can be as much a source of delight as a nipple outlined against the sky. Above all, these paintings are innocent. Wesselman resents the charge, occasionally made, that his nudes are modeled after "girlie magazines," with the implication that they are somehow tawdry and pornographic. "As if," he says, "perfectly respectable women, wives or girl friends, never spread their legs or stick their tongues out at their men." Which is what his works do at their viewers—cheerfully proffer themselves for delectation, and teasingly indicate that it's just a game, after all. The name of the game is painting.





THE NEW SEARS, ROEBUCK CATALOGUE: A BOOK REVIEW

BY L. ERIC HOTALING

CATALOGUE, SUMMER, 1968. ANONYMOUS. PUBLISHED BY SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. PHILADELPHIA. 1036 PP, ILLUSTRATED. LIMITED EDITION, PRIVATE DISTRIBUTION

I once bought an Ee-Zz Off Dehorner and Castration Set from Sears, Roebuck & Co. not because I needed one but because it was there. My stone fence in the country frames a paltry quarter-acre of burweed and three spindly tomato vines, the only livestock in this humble corral is the two-uddered bossy who spends her days ruminating in bra, panties, and *Bain de Soleil* beside our pool. But the very title of his piece of machinery enchanted me with its implication that farm animals—at least I assumed the device was for farm animals—could be pruned of a few workaday appendages, through the surgical intercession of Sears, in a painless and even pleasant way. The social potential of this possession also appealed to me. How many cocktail party guests can ventilate a stale conversation with the announcement that they own a castrator?

So I ordered one from an old Sears catalogue I found in the communal toilet of the boys' camp where bossy and I stash our three vets every summer. Most of the pages were missing, the inmates had obviously done a lot of mail-ordering, but not the one exhibiting the Ee-Zz Off. It duly arrived, bearing a distant resemblance to those multiple-blade accessories that the Romans used for chariot hub caps, and it now stands on our side porch beneath a three-year coating of rust. My wife painted it to zinnias, but for some reason they never produce any seed.

A few months after this delivery, the mailman staggered up our drive and with a look of undiluted malevolence deposited a sizeable parcel on my toe. It was my first Sears catalogue, but by no means the last. With the grudging assistance of my eldest son, Stevedore, who was rejected as overweight by the Los Angeles Rams, I wrestled it into the house. Piled together with all the others that have gratuitously arrived since, it now props up a belly in my game-room ceiling, just below the boys' bath.

A strangulated hernia consigned our regular carrier, Norman Mailman, to premature retirement at 33. But Mailman Mailman's replacement has just delivered my copy of the latest Sears catalogue, a 1036-page compendium that offers to defray my every retail need from welder's goggles (pp. 65, 2) to canoe enamel (p. 479), until summer ripens into fall. I know I will be accused of anti-Americanism for saying that I found the catalogue like all of its predecessors, something of a disappointment. Nevertheless, I shall say it. I found the catalogue, like all of its predecessors, something of a disappointment. After the customary browsing, I shipped my copy off to General Delivery in Moscow where, according to the late Eddie Gilmore of United Press International, this contraband import ranks second in popularity only to the U.S. phonograph record.

Well, the Communists' gain is my loss—or have I somehow got it wrong? I think one trouble is that my taste in catalogues has been spoiled by such sophisticated inventory lists as those distributed by the Johnson Smith Company of Detroit and Breck's of Boston. Against either of them, any Sears catalogue looks up as positively square. My association with Johnson Smith goes back to my youth. Its line is novelties: exploding cigars, imitation vomit, dribble glasses, fake blood, disintegrating toilet seats, Bloody Red Gum—all of a sort to implement the mischief without which small boys, submerged among the towering authorities of the world, could not possibly grow up. It did not matter to me that the merchandise rarely lived up to its billing. The Dirty Soap failed to blacken my father's hands; the Poo-Pon Cushion deflated silently under my mother's popo; the Dog Floor Mess, left conspicuously on the patio, crumbled away in the rain. These things seemed genuine enough to me in their intent. And even if I no longer order them, each new Johnson Smith catalogue is good for hours of scheming and Rabelaisian delight.

Breck's catalogue, which reaches me under the pseudonym of Occupant, weighs ounces to Sears' pounds, but I find it a more fascinating gauge of American taste. There really must be people who buy life-size plastic plucked chickens, women who go to bed in transparent Sleepy-Time Bras, families who attach a toy alarm completely unserviceable on the TV set. I see why Breck's chooses to stock these wares? I have occasionally been tempted to order them, along with a personalized denture cup and a gold-plated toothpick, but I have managed to resist the temptation. The catalogues have been bound in morocco and accommodate on my coffee table, but Breck's hasn't wrung a penny out of this Occupant yet.

Both these publications provide livelier grazing than the untrimmed rotogravure pastures of Sears. I confess prejudice against an establishment that boasts, on the one hand, of manufacturing the slogan "Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back," and that, on the other hand, vends a "new scrub-type adjustable male urinal," with a capacity of 20 ounces. This item, which sells for $14.99 plus postage, and appears on page 542, is nothing less or more than the famous motorman's friend. But what kind of satisfaction I wonder does Sears guarantee here? One can easily imagine the following letter, among many others, winging its way into the complaints department:

Dear Sears & Roebuck,

My bladder voids 21 oz. Please send my money back.

I have taken the trouble of riffling through some of the old Sears catalogues, which date to 1892 and span more than a mile of microfilm in the U.S. Library of Congress, and I can tell you that the vintage Sears was a lot more fun, and immensely more nourishing, than the pale product imprinted today. Where can one find now, for instance, the "Stradivarius-model violin" that the 1895 catalogue offered for $6.50? Or covered wagons, which were still being mail-ordered in 1934, possibly to Richard Dix? Or bosom boards and glass eyes for horses? My own favorite is Dr. Echols' Australian Auricle, a patent medicine dispensed by Sears in 1901 with this grace of copy: "A newly discovered cure for heart trouble. Dropped Dead. Attention! Every fourth person has a diseased heart. Price 50¢ (retail price $1.00). Also specific cures for catarrh, consumption, headaches, the tobacco habit and female weaknesses." What do we get now? Bal-Cal Powder. ("Add it to water for a 225-calorie meal.")

Indeed, the glory of the Sears catalogue resides almost entirely in its past, when Edgar Rice Burroughs wrote copy for it, Edgar Guest set it to rhyme and Gloria Swanson, Norma Shearer, Lauren Bacall, Joan Caulfield, Anita Louise and Fredric March skipped youthfully through its pages en route to less illustrious careers. I wish I could predict equivalent futures for the Sears models of today, but they're a remarkably unappetizing crew right down to the lingerie crowd. Like every other red-blooded 47-year-old American boy, I naturally turn to the catalogue's underwear department, as soon as I have shivered away the toys. The conversion is no longer exhilarating as it ever was.

For one thing, Sears has discouraged voyeurism by breaking up the lingerie section. It appears in snatches all over the catalogue, often adjacent to neighborhoods so respectable that they are likely, if not calculated, to give the serious-minded leering a serious jolt. The "power-paneled" girdles on page 98 abruptly yield to luggage and tail-cutters after five pages of packaged panties with

Ra-knit and double-fabric crotches," Sears' description, not mine. The way Carter encounters three pages of wristwatches. Many of the exhibits also cheat the viewer of his due. Cleavage is minimal. There are as many disembodied brassieres as there are filled ones, and shots in the current catalogue as there are filled ones, and my guess is that a professional onanist would fall asleep over the filled ones. A woman modeling a brassiere is supposed to smile, for heaven's sake (not a moment on arched back), but three of the seven young ladies protuberating on pages 108 and 109 are frowning as if the straps hurt.

Moreover, the models, both dressed and *deshabille*, just stand around like dress-shop dummies. They should be *doing* something. It's true there's a man eating an apple on page 69, or at least holding an apple that has been bitten into. I can't swear he was personally responsible. Elsewhere a gigglingly [illegible] the girls in 53 sportswear (Sears price $2.99 each), eat pizza, and a group of pre-teens tease a cage full of stuffed birds. But lassitude generally prevails. To show a boy climbing a tree (p. 208), the Sears photographer posed him in the studio and handed a print to the Sears artist, who painted in a tree.

The catalogue's only genuine burst of activity is in the sinister sense extracurricular. It occurs in a four-page full-color spread featuring Ed Reimers, the Allstate insurance drummer with white hair and matching teeth, a man whose unavoidability on the television channels inspired me to donate my set to the Salvation Army (which, for the same reason, refused it). As anyone knows, Mr. Reimers has two occupational specialties. One is embracing a house with his hands. The other is coaxing from the mouths of Allstate accident victims who usually lack the power of intelligible speech statements to the effect that that three-car collision they were involved in, or the night their house burned to the ground, constituted the most rewarding experience of their lives.

The supply of loving or gullible Allstate policyholders must have been low at catalogue time, because Sears was forced to commission an artist for the Reimers display. Two of this man's efforts are reproduced, the second of which I pass over as too static to mention.

you insist on seeing it, ask Sears for a copy of the catalogue or better still examine the original which, unless I am mistaken (and I usually am), is hanging in the Metropolitan Museum. The first is simply marvelous.

In this one Mr. Reimers, severed at the groin by the bottom of the page, is counting with his right index finger the fingers of his left hand. (They seem to be all there.) The effect of his toothy smile, which I am told accompanies Mr. Reimers to bed (in a personalized denture cup he picked up while comparison mail-ordering at Brooks), is defeated by the effect of the eyes, which resemble a cross between Sidney Toler and a wild Saturday night. If I were Mr. Reimers, I would either sue the artist or get a new pair of eyes. He looks absolutely and cheerfully sinister, as if he had just informed some accident-prone Allstate policyholder that his policy was void because he had neglected to bend, fold, spindle, or mutilate.

Action is Mr. Reimers is counting the ways, as the text tells us that "Allstate protects homeowners at surprisingly low cost." The painting behind his head illustrates the point. Try to imagine the depicted scene, which is the yard of a suburban home. In the center foreground a man in a blue sport shirt, presumably the head, stares in unbelieving horror at a fireman stealing a ladder (or that is how I interpret the fireman's action, since he is jogging resolutely off with it in a direction exactly opposite to the fire on the homeowner's roof). Besides, the artist has drawn on his face just the expression a fireman would wear if he were stealing a ladder. Next to the homeowner, his blonde wife sucks one finger and executes a graceful knee bend. It is difficult to say whether the artist meant to signify that she is hungry or an exercise nut, but in either case her behavior seems inappropriate.

In a tree above their heads, a boy in a striped T-shirt, possibly theirs, gleefully aims a slung shot at the absconding fireman. By sighting a ruler along his line of fire, I discovered that he will miss by several inches, the fireman is going to get away with his theft. I forgive him knowing how underpaid our firefighters are (perhaps this one moonlights as a housepainter). Just to the left of the tree a dog rays the pants of a uniformed delivery man who has dropped his package and a neighbor in a visored baseball cap skulks off with a portable TV set in his arms.

One of two firemen standing at the base of a ladder shakes a fist at this criminal. But the artist has simply rendered the gesture ambiguous. It could also be about firemen, he will carve several more holes in the [illegible] making the nude's appearance by the fire [illegible] the garage [illegible] in the picture looms [illegible] be the flames of a tornado. It's either that or a TV aerial.

the Churchillian victory sign of accomplices. Both men are grinning at each other conspiratorially. The only smoke eater even pretending to earn his keep has climbed five rungs up the ladder with an ax with which, if I know anything

Altogether, you must agree, an improbable concatenation of domestic disasters. The artist has unbridled his imagination to such a degree that Sears' catalogue editors felt the need of entering a disclaimer. "The things happening in this picture," reads the fine print underneath Mr. Reimers' wrist, "wouldn't occur all at once, of course." To me this assurance rings suspiciously hollow. Obviously they *can* happen all at once to an Allstate policyholder. If they don't, he would be well within his rights, under the Sears guarantee, to demand his premium back.

I linger at such length on this art work because it is by far the best thing in a catalogue otherwise routinely devoted to straight razors, steel guttering, unicycles, Holy Bibles (which, in another example of Sears' mysterious conjunctions, share the page with automotive and home repair instruction books), elevated toilet seats (for people with long legs? stiff knees?), U.S. Government Savings Bonds, and wall-hung electric fireplaces with artificial flames that throw off artificial heat. The text accompanying these goodies is somnolent; it's a safe bet that none of the 75-odd copywriters presently sweating in Sears catalogue stable is the literary descendant of Edgar Rice Burroughs, or even of Tarzan or for that matter of Eddie Guest.

Now, at last," begins the blurb describing one piece of female [illegible] the long-torso girls can get comfortable [illegible] in an All-in-One Power-net control. Natural-knit woven elastic inner-bands that firm trouble spots along natural muscle lines. Dacron polyester lace cups have fiberfill in lower sections for gentle lift. 9-inches waist down. Nylon tricot split crotch." This pidgin stuff might conceivably freeze the attention of a long-torso girl, but it's cryptography to me. It's also a far cry from the lucid composition enforced in the old days by Richard Sears himself. Then it was "sweat" instead of "perspiration," "go to bed," not "retire," and "pants" rather than "trousers" unless the purchaser intended his garment for some sybaritic and nonutilitarian purpose such as polishing a church pew or steeping in the gravel.

I confess it's a trifle unfair to appraise an off-season Sears catalogue which contains less than half the exuberance of the Christmas edition and reaches a leadership that is not in its mail-ordering prime. If I recall that Christmas colossus correctly, the Summer Issue is only a diminished echo of it anyway: the same girls reappearing in the same year-end unmentionables, though laundered, perhaps, and fewer in number; the same lists abbreviated but nevertheless interminable, of auto mufflers, spark plugs, carburetors, fuel pumps, tail pipes, shock absorbers and brake shoes for the impecunious fool who dreams of keeping a 1951 Chevvie out of the repair shop forever; the same everything, condensed without any particular order or plan.

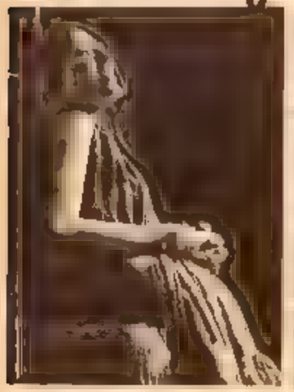
In the interest of justice, I considered extracting the Sears Christmas catalogue from the column upholding my gameroom ceiling and conducting a conscientious though belated critical tour of its contents. But my architect advised me that the notion was structurally unsound. He said that my center of gravity had shifted, rather in the way that a county relief client eventually comes to lean on the welfare check, the entire house roof, rafters and all, now depended on Sears' support. The architect offered to improve this makeshift pillar by stuccoing it for what he described as a ridiculously negligible fee. But I declined. I sensed in his analysis the essential nature of my relation with the Sears catalogue, and I was not about to plaster it under.

That essence, manifestly, is stability. Man can rely on very little in this life beyond a few impervious and abiding institutions like perfidy, corruption, inflexible interest rates, the ingratitude of children, and the Sears catalogue. This last, like all institutions, is not meant to be challenged, or even questioned, but simply received. It is like the tides, its periodicity corresponds to nature's four seasons, and I have reason to believe, although I cannot prove it, that each supplanted issue obediently sheds its leaves like a deciduous tree. In my fancy it also follows that there is a large and doddering room somewhere, perhaps in catalogue headquarters in Chicago, where all the retired girl models huddle absolutely naked, shivering and chubrained, having surrendered their inner-bands, their fiberfill cups and their split crotches to the next generation.

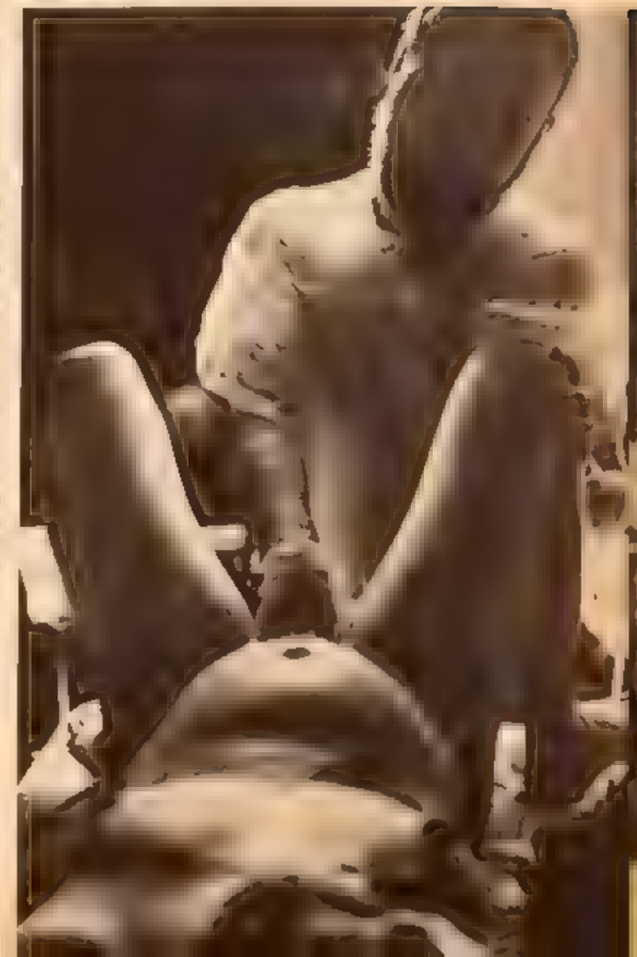
I do not have to order the next Sears catalogue any more than I have to order the rain. It will come engrossed on its cover with a sticker misspelling my name and with the portrait of some antiseptic blonde Sunday-School teacher hiding her encasements in a dress stolen from page 14. There is something ineffably reassuring about all this. The fact that I am one of Sears' 55 million catalogue recipients somehow reaffirms the fact of my humanity more emphatically than the zip code, or that undecipherable series of magnetized digits by which the bank recognizes me on its checks.

I fully expect the catalogue to keep coming after my death. There is no reason why it shouldn't, unless before that event I should commit the unpardonable indiscretion of drawing Sears' attention to my existence by ordering something, for example, or complaining after too long an interval about the shoelaces in my Be-Zz-Off Castration Set. If there are forces beyond human comprehension, surely they must include a mail-order house that purports to carry 150,000 different items in stock and that defies 55 million customers to want anything else. Does Sears, Roebuck & Co. really exist outside its catalogue? I don't know. And I'm not sure I care to test the precarious balance of life, to challenge the unchallengeable, by trying to find out.

Son of "Hair": A Tribal Love-Rock Maternity



Here comes "Jeann e s baby Sally Eaton who hours before gave her last perfo mance as a pregnan girl in Hair commences to give real-life birth to her first child unanesthet zed by natura ch ldbirth Expertly directing is Hair cast physic an D John Bishop His office is the scene



PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD DEAM

t s an actor
Ephra m Naphtal Mosner makes h s
long-awa ted debut, ind cat ng
w th a lusty falsetto that he is
a ve and well though perhaps
suffer ng a touch of stage fright
That sm le on weary Sally s face
is the matern al equivalent of
a standing ovation

t s a n the fam y
Papa Danny Mosner below
the producer as t were of this
t tt e spec acle says he lo
as does the ent re ast of Hair
They pin the r voices ower
rigni n a so ag of welcome

A one a as mother and son
left de ft off to sleep Curtain!
And above one curtain call
for young Ephraim

RON COBB: DAUMIER OF THE NEW LEFT

A [illegible] Ron Cobb [illegible] the [illegible] brush strokes [illegible] and [illegible] His [illegible] which [illegible] for [illegible] years [illegible] underground newspapers [illegible] Panther [illegible] and [illegible] of the [illegible] and [illegible] state. The style and [illegible] are totally new [illegible] though the [illegible] stretches back to [illegible] and beyond. [illegible] lives [illegible] Angeles [illegible] this [illegible] like [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] Army [illegible] Many [illegible] that [illegible] mystery. He [illegible] the top [illegible] from [illegible] but [illegible] the [illegible] in the [illegible] Like [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] rampaging [illegible] that [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and

THE HONORABLE DISCHARGE OF PRIVATE SAM

BY GARY VOLREE

Old privates never die
They just stop coming to attention.

Private Sam was pretty much of a loner and like most soldiers he did only what he had to do. When not on duty he stayed curled up in his small, cramped tent, fast asleep. About the only time the other privates had occasion to see Private Sam was when he pulled latrine duty, and they would notice as he went about his business, quickly and efficiently, that here was a real soldier—a bigger than average fellow who could be relied upon in combat. It didn't take much imagination to visualize Private Sam standing proud and erect at attention, his bald red head shining, his scarred neck (from an early operation) smoothed out and blending into a fine network of throbbing blue veins.

In fact, imagination was all it took to bring Private Sam to attention. Especially in his youth. He had an imaginative commanding officer and this imagination had readied him for action far more often than had reality.

NOTHING irritated Private Sam more than to be all cocked and primed for action, only to be informed that he had been called out for maneuvers, or inspection, or sometimes just to parade before his admiring commander, who was rather proud of him like all soldiers. Private Sam hated maneuvers, inspections, and parades. Give him the real thing or let him alone.

Like all good soldiers, Private Sam was the first to rise each morning, ready for latrine duty. And nights, especially when he was an eager young private, he would stand guard duty long after his commander had fallen asleep. On occasional nights, longing for action, Private Sam would fire a shot through his tent, an undisciplined action which often awoke the commander and brought Private Sam a dressing down.

Private Sam was not a happy soldier. He was young and strong. He was well-equipped. But he had never seen action. Just maneuvers. His commander was a great one for maneuvers, sometimes three or four times a day, mostly hand-to-hand combat. Maneuvers left Private Sam sore and dissatisfied. He longed to penetrate enemy lines and win a real battle.

Private Sam's big moment finally arrived. He was awakened from a nap early one evening, sent to latrine duty, and ordered to attention before his commander who said, "Private Sam, I have put you through a long and intensive training program, and you have proven yourself in hand-to-hand combat during maneuvers. Intelligence has selected for us a fine piece of territory which we are to invade and conquer, perhaps even occupy for a while. The important thing, Private Sam, is that we invade and conquer. Now here's the plan. You will remain in your tent while I do the necessary reconnaissance and penetrate the outer defenses. Then, when all is ready, I'll bring you out and you will sup into the fortifications and fire at will. Is that clear, Private Sam?"

Private Sam stood even taller at attention.

"It will not be necessary," his commander advised, "to remain at attention until I bring you out. This little piece of territory has never been invaded, and we must use evasive tactics. Guerrilla warfare, Private Sam. At ease now, soldier."

Private Sam stood at parade rest all the way to the battlefield, which turned out to be a very cramped place, with little room for a standing army. Also, the enemy was putting up more resistance than his young commander had anticipated. And to add to the confusion there seemed to be long quiet moments when negotiations were taking place. Private Sam could not understand why his commander didn't simply bring him out and send him on in, he began leaping about in his cramping tent, spoiling for action and almost tearing the tent in the turmoil, he accidently fired.

"Private Sam," he was informed when they had beat an embarrassing retreat from the battlefield, "that was very bad for our morale, and humiliating, too." The angry and disgusted commanding officer went on to explain how a good soldier must await orders and be patient while intelligence is seeking a way through the enemy's outer defenses. Above all, privates are not to fire when out of range. Especially when in their tents and in the presence of the enemy. "Very embarrassing, Private Sam."

The next evening, Private Sam was called front and center and instructed that a new enemy had been selected, one whose outer defenses could be bought off. All Private Sam had to do was enter the fortification and start shooting.

ALL the way to the battlegrounds, Private Sam pondered the credibility of an enemy who could be bought off. What was the use of shooting when there was total surrender? He was still deep in thought when his commander reached the top of a high, creaky hill and rang an alarm. Private Sam couldn't believe it, and when his commander met and briefly negotiated with the enemy, and made a withdrawal of most of the company funds, Private Sam lost all interest in whatever battle might take place. It was a military disgrace, tantamount to a dishonorable discharge. When Private Sam was brought out and called to attention, he could barely raise his head. At best, he felt like maybe pulling a little latrine duty and going back to sleep.

Private Sam was first ordered, picked up and shaken, then coaxed, and finally patted on the head and neck by his commander, all to no avail. Then a strange thing happened. The enemy commander took over and began patting and coaxing and shaking him gently. At length he rose to a feeble attention, and after some further coaxing by enemy headquarters Private Sam decided to show them all that he was first, last and always a soldier. He would invade an enemy even if the enemy wanted to be invaded. Private Sam steeled himself and began loading amidst [illegible] bodies and was ready for action when his commander said, "Here's your battle gear," and hastily outfitted him in a tight, suffocating trenchcoat. Private Sam was aghast, but before he could register the only complaint he knew, the commander had shoved him quickly into the thick of it.

Even for an inexperienced soldier, Private Sam could see that this was less a fortress than a playhouse, though roomy enough for a fortress. Furthermore, he was apparently only one in a long series of invaders. The place was littered with the campsites of previous troops, one quite fresh. Anyway, Private Sam decided, it was better than maneuvers. He squeezed off a round and was immediately withdrawn from action.

Life was never the same for Private Sam after that brief campaign. His young commander, having once tasted action, had apparently set out now to conquer the world. Not a week went by but what they launched an invasion, and often two and three times a week. Some of the territories were very stoutly defended, forcing Private Sam to retreat a number of times before he could finally plunge in and get a shot off. One strange little fortress, unlike any Private Sam had seen before—or since—had just within the gates a natural barrier which had given him a bit of trouble getting through. Private Sam learned to hold his fire until deep in enemy territory, and experienced the titillating thrill of waiting until the last bearable moment before opening up. Now and then Private Sam encountered an enemy who fired back, but usually he was too quick for them.

LIKE a good soldier, Private Sam did not question his commander's reasons for sending him back into already conquered territory sometimes as often as three and four times during one evening. After repeated engagements his commander would lift Private Sam by the neck, limp with fatigue, and shove him back into battle where he would be forced to remain until he picked himself up like a dutiful warrior and got off a final shot.

Private Sam's commander had other quirks. With some enemies he would try different invasion routes, like suddenly pulling Private Sam out of the thick of battle and rushing him around for a real attack which was often good for renewed counteroffensives on the enemy's part. At other times Private Sam would be sent into a direct assault on enemy headquarters, a frightening experience because of the formidable weapons deployed there. One hairy experience which Private Sam was a while in getting over occurred following a direct rear assault. Upon being withdrawn after a brief battle he discovered that the enemy commander had a private, much like himself, standing at attention not far from where Sam had just infiltrated. "Sorry, Sam," his commander had apologized later, "was just an experiment."

Finally, as happens to most soldiers subjected to heavy combat under a variety of extreme conditions, Private Sam came down with a serious illness and had to be retired from active duty for an extended period. While in sick bay he had to be coaxed just to perform his simple latrine duties, and they gave him a good deal of pain. When Private Sam regained his health and had sufficient strength to stand, his commander called him out and ordered him to attention.

"Private Sam, in our lust for conquest, it appears that we have favored quantity over quality, the result being that we blundered into territory using germ warfare. From now on, Private Sam, we shall be more selective. Now while you were sick, I had the opportunity to do some brilliant reconnaissance and have discovered a truly fine piece of territory that has never been invaded. Now soldier, this battle will be much like our very first one, in which we lost, if you recall, when you got excited and fired while still in your tent. Well, we're seasoned campaigners now, soldier, and as a battle-hardened veteran, I know you will wait patiently while I negotiate the outer defenses. Okay, soldier? Okay. Now, to whip you back into shape, let's have a little maneuvers."

Like all veteran soldiers, Private Sam was a doer, no, a thinker. The only time he did any thinking was when he wasn't doing. And when he wasn't doing, Private Sam, like any good soldier, began to question the sanity of his commanding officer. It had been weeks since his recovery and still no action. No, even once had he been brought out for a brush with the enemy. Instead he had been kept in his cramped quarters night after night while headquarters companies of the opposing forces held close, hushed negotiations over God knew what. What riled Private Sam even more was the heavy training schedule he was being put through. When D-Day finally came, Private Sam was so sore from maneuvers he doubted his capacity to launch a good assault. And to add insult to injury, on the eve of the big battle he was subjected to a long and irritating soapy shower, followed by powder and cologne. Private Sam fully expected to be decked with a white carnation and ordered to shoot bonbons.

During the briefing session, his commander reiterated the importance of this campaign and restated his orders, including a few laid down by the enemy commander. Private Sam just stood there like a good soldier, not questioning, trying not to think. The enemy commander's rules were, however, almost too much for him. He must proceed into the fortification with the utmost delicacy, holding his fire, and once in he must not romp about like a barbarian but wait until the enemy is ready for action, then the two of them shall romp together and if at all possible, fire simultaneously. It was to be a dance, not a battle. Private Sam nearly fainted.

"Atten-hut! Private Sam. I haven't dismissed you yet," barked his commander. "There's one more thing. After you have exchanged fire, you are to remain at parade rest until further orders. It isn't good manners in this type of territory to shoot and run. Is that clear?"

"This isn't war," thought Private Sam. "This is—"

"This is love, Private Sam. Make love, not war. That's the new company motto."

The negotiations that night, in spite of the phony enemy's promises to allow the battle to take place, were unusually long, and were concluded with a bit of a struggle—one which Private Sam sensed was just an act to further torment him. Which it did. When finally brought forth, he was so tormented that he could not contain himself, and squeezed off a shot just as his commander was nervously introducing him to the enemy's gates. Slumping ashamedly, expecting a severe rebuke, Private Sam received, instead, words and caresses from both sides. Eventually it was the enemy's commander who succeeded in lifting his spirits and leading him into the fortification with, "Come and take me, Private Sam, I want you. I've wanted all my life for you."

PRIVATE Sam rushed in and fired immediately, whereupon he lay low remembering his orders: rose to parade rest, and reloaded. While reloading, he examined the territory he was to secure and possibly occupy for an extended period. Very soon Private Sam deduced that this enemy was phony in more ways than one. Not only had there been a tacit surrender of the territory but contrary to his commander's information there had been no natural barrier at the main gates—a sure sign of previous assault on at least one occasion. There were other little evidences of soldierly activity if not outright occupation. Of course, commanders wouldn't know

about these things, since it is the privates who are sent into the battlefield. "Privates know more about war, and love for that matter, than commanders do mused Private Sam. While he was musing, the order came for further action.

There seemed to be a bit of movement far back in the enemy encampment. Perhaps there would be a battle after all. Private Sam inched forward, checking an urge to fire again. More movement back there and then a sudden tremor. The encampment seemed to be closing about him. Private Sam moved back, nearly to the very gates, and rushed in as far as he could penetrate the quaking defenses, but before he could get a shot off, the enemy fired. And fired again. "What's this?" thought Private Sam. The whole place was in an upheaval and that second shot had nearly thrust him clean out of the battlefield. He charged in again, headlong into the enemy's third shot, and got off his second shot, whereupon he fell and tried to reload. Another enemy shot went over his head, and again he was nearly repulsed. "We have met our match," mused Private Sam. "Here I am with a single-shot weapon, out of ammunition, facing an enemy with superior automatic weapons. Why doesn't that idiot at headquarters pull me out of here before—" The fifth shot, a high-caliber one, doubled Private Sam and sent him scooting back into the lap of his commanding officer. Private Sam curled up, limp and steamy with battle fatigue, and surrendered. Orders or not.

The following morning while on latrine duty, Private Sam was addressed by his commander. He fully expected a severe dressing down for having lost the battle. Imagine his surprise when the commander extended his hand and gave Private Sam a hearty shake and heaped praise upon him for having won. "Isn't that just like a commander," mused Private Sam, "to plainly lose a battle, indeed, to get shot plumb out of the fighting and then to call it a victory?"

It became evident to Private Sam that his commander really didn't believe they had won, because they returned every night for a return engagement, week in and week out. The same old war—or love, as his commander now called it. Semantics, however, meant nothing to Private Sam, so long as he saw action.

Apparently war was called love upon repetitive engagements with the same enemy to the exclusion of other conquests. Which was fine with Private Sam. If that was the difference, he preferred love to war. He had grown accustomed to the enemy's superior weaponry and had learned to hold his fire, timing himself so that his first, and best, shot would coincide with the enemy's third. This made the battle last longer and won praise for him from his commander. It also did away completely with maneuvers between engagements.

ONE night after a long battle, when Private Sam was still deep in enemy territory awaiting further orders, he decided to try to communicate with the enemy forces. Private Sam discovered that they spoke basically the same language. The defender's name was Private First Class Muff. Private Sam introduced himself.

"I outrank you," said Pfc. Muff.

"But you're a prisoner of war," said Private Sam.

"I'm a prisoner of love."

"War, love, they both mean the same thing, far as we're concerned," said Private Sam. "By the way, you're pretty good at the old game."

"You're not so bad yourself," said Pfc. Muff. "Guess you've made quite a few invasions."

"I'm not bragging," said Private Sam, "but if I had a checkmark on me for every conquest, I'd be solid black."

"I shot it out with a black private once," said Pfc. Muff. "He knew his way around, too."

"I bet," said Private Sam. "I knew you had been invaded before. The barrier was down when I launched my first offensive."

"That barrier was down a long time before I ever had a real battle," said Pfc. Muff. "Maneuvers."

"That's an advantage of extended campaigns," said Private Sam. "No more maneuvers. Uh, you had many other soldiers in here."

"Before you there was a tall, skinny one, a short, stocky one, a funny fellow wearing a turtleneck, and the dark one I mentioned earlier. He was a whopper."

"Bigger than me?"

"Size isn't everything," said Pfc. Muff. "Hey, where are you going?"

"I'm being withdrawn," Private Sam called out. "See you tomorrow night."

However, Private Sam was informed soon after that he was being taken out of action for a few days. "There are times, in both love and war, Private Sam, when the best strategy is a tactical retreat. One of those times is when the enemy is apt to double its defenses following an engagement. It's an old trick and we have to watch for it. You see, they expect you to provide for the maintenance of these additional forces out of company funds. It's a plot to break down a soldier and make a nine-to-five civilian out of him. Furthermore, Private Sam, although we have conquered this territory and firmed our position there, it is not yet legally ours. Who knows, Private Sam, we might want to launch out on some new offensives one of these days and being tied down to one piece of property would severely limit our possibilities for further conquest."

Private Sam pondered these remarks during his short furlough. To begin with the last item first, having been an occupying force for some months now, he had lost his stomach for assaulting strange fortifications, the last one of which had landed him in sick bay. Furthermore, he did not relish the nerve-racking waiting required of him while his commander negotiated the outer defenses of a new enemy. And as far as the presently occupied territory having any additional forces bivouacked away back there, that was patently absurd. Not only had he been all over the place and seen for himself, but Pfc. Muff would certainly have told him. Which brings us to the main reason for Private Sam's bitching. He did not want to leave Pfc. Muff. Here indeed, was a first-class private. "As to whatever legality is involved in this silly business," mused Private Sam, "didn't everybody know even commanding officers, that all's fair in love and war?"

During the second night of his furlough, Private Sam had come to attention a number of times, thinking that he might yet be called back into action, but all the commanders did was fool around. The commander would put Pfc. Muff through maneuvers and Pfc. Muff's commander would put him through maneuvers. Then he was allowed a brief assault on enemy headquarters where, in defiance of orders, he fired and was violently expelled, suffering in his retreat a small wound from one of the more immediate weapons. A third offense was aborted when the fortification proved to be impregnable. Finally, the enemy commanders tired of the game and called a truce, leaving Private Sam alone in the thick bush growing around the gates to Pfc. Muff's encampment.

When the deranged commanders were [illegible] asleep, Private Sam stirred, disregarding the stinging wound he had received in enemy headquarters, and peered through the bush, bumping his head against the gates. They opened. He poked in his head and stood at parade [illegible] and see how you were."

"You'll have to come a little closer. I can't hear you."

I'd be [illegible] coming to full attention in spite of himself. "It's against orders."

[illegible] disobeyed orders. You might as well [illegible] Just how I [illegible]

"Thought you couldn't hear me," said Private Sam, inching forward.

"Muff glump dumpa, digga fetz."

"What did you say?" said Private Sam. "I can't understand you."

"Come on in. I have Sam [illegible] have you see. Oh, you are an [illegible]

Private Sam hated, deep in Pfc. Muff's encampment. It's nothing, just a touch. Little assault on your headquarters. Got nipped."

"Must have happened when your headquarters was nosing around down here," said Pfc. Muff. "I bet him have it with both barrels."

Private Sam felt a slight tremor in the [illegible] "Easy there," he cautioned.

"Want to know what my commander plans?" said Pfc. Muff. "My commander plans to get your commander to make this legally occupied territory."

"You don't say," said Private Sam. "Well, that is all right with me, long as I don't have to wear a suit and sign anything. By the way, you and [illegible] have any secret forces [illegible] here do you?"

"Nobody here but us privates," said Pfc. Muff. "Bang."

"Hey, you took me by surprise," laughed Private Sam, loading.

"You won't tell your commander what I said, will you?"

"What do you take me for?" said Private Sam. "I don't tell that prick anything. He's the one that gives the orders, and speaking of orders, I'd better get out of here before I blast you a good one."

Bang, went Pfc. Muff. "Bet you can't hit me."

"I'm warning you," said Private Sam. "You'll get us both busted."

Bang, went Pfc. Muff. Bang-bang.

BOOM went Private Sam.

Private Sam took his scolding like a good soldier. He kept quiet and didn't listen. When a soldier is sent into battle under false pretenses, and when he is told that war is love, or love is war and that retreat is victory, what else is there for him to listen to except the noise of battle or love, as it were. Private Sam was placed in the stockade and not even called on for maneuvers. For nearly a month. When he was called back before his commander, it was for the purpose of a general ass-chewing.

Private Sam, from the first moment I met you you have been the greatest single source of problems in this army. You know where to begin. You have wasted my time. You have cost me money. You have cost me friends. You have gotten me beat up. A couple of times you nearly got me killed. I cannot count the times you have caused me grief and embarrassment by your trigger-happy stupidity when patience and cunning were what I needed, and by your slothful dereliction of duty when a quick draw and rapid advance were required. And now Private Sam, you have really screwed me."

"PFC Muff made me [illegible]," said Private Sam.

"That last stupid shot, you fired, soldier has acquired us a new piece of territory, and that means we're no longer soldiers. We're citizens. Private Sam, you are hereby court-martialed busted, and sentenced to life imprisonment. You're no longer a soldier, you fatheaded slob. From now on you're a gardener."

"I only obeyed orders," said Private Sam, "if you knew it or not. Hooray."

And thus it came to pass that Private Sam and his commanding officer entered civilian life. Private Sam came to be known as just plain Sam. Sammy to Pfc. Muff, who came to be known as just plain Muff. Sammy and Muff tended their former playground/battlefield, now a playground, garden/battlefield, well, and each year acquired for their former commanders a new little piece of property.

Only once during his long happy life as a gardener was Sam drafted back into the service and reassigned his old rank. The episode followed a temporary breakup of the partnership between his ex-commander and Muff's ex-commander. There was a perfunctory briefing session, more pep talk than briefing, and the pep talk wasn't very convincing. "Old soldiers," Sam mused. "I should confine themselves to gardening, bookkeeping, or raising young draft dodgers." The invasion was into territory which, obviously, had been occupied for some time, at least as long as Muff's territory. It was more a visit than an invasion.

"Is that you, Charlie?"

"No, it's not Charlie, it's Private Sam," called in from the inactive reserves. You may call me 'Sam the Gardener,' if you prefer, for it's a gardener I really am and not a soldier. Hold still, will you?"

"We don't need any more gardeners. Where's Charlie?"

"Don't ask me. Ask headquarters. Maybe they'll know, though I doubt it. There been any trouble?"

"They belted each other around yesterday."

"Then I guess that's why I'm here," said Private Sam. "To set this house back in order. Same thing happened between my headquarters and Muff's."

"Don't you think you ought to be back there with your own Muff, then, setting your own house in order?"

"If I was supposed to think, that's what I would think," said Sam. "I'm here to shoot, though not to think. Are you ready to shoot?"

"Why don't we just talk?"

"I wasn't sent here as an advisor," said Sam. "This is an invasion. Let's hope it works out."

"You say your name is Sam?"

"None other. Private Sam, that's me. Old bang bang Sam, and bang bang again. Been a gardener the last few years, but once a private, always a private. I've taken more territory than Genghis Khan. Hit 'em high, hit 'em low, hit 'em in the flanks, let's go. Old bang bang Sam. I've probably been through here before. Hold still. I've got to get back to Muff."

"I've heard of you. You used to poke around in a lot of territory you had no business in, causing trouble. Most of it to yourself and that idiot commander of yours. Gnaw on this, Sambo. You better get out of here because if Charlie's headquarters finds out, you're gonna get separated from your outfit. For good."

Sam considered this bit of advice. "Maybe you're right. Let's just get off a shot real quick and I'll scram."

"That's how wars get started, ex-Private Sam. You're beginning to think like headquarters."

"I only follow orders."

"Have you been ordered to stand at ease?"

"No. I've been ordered to—Well, look at yourself. Some soldier. You couldn't even garden in that condition."

Sam shrugged. "My heart's not in it, that's the problem. I'd really rather be home with my Muff."

"Desert."

"Look, I've got to live with that fool out there. I—"

"Don't worry. I'll help you. Make love not war. Gardener Sammy." BANG.

Sam's ex-commander never brought up that dereliction of duty, and the very next time Sam was brought up he was promptly sent through the familiar bush into his old garden where Muff awaited.

"How was it?" said Muff.

"You've seen one campaign, you've seen 'em all," said Sam. "I'm glad to get back home. Did you have a visitor?"

"Just some jerk named Charlie. Said he was in Special Forces. He was about as special as a wad of bubble gum."

"He didn't hurt you, did he?"

"I nearly wrung his neck."

Gardener Sam stood tall, proud, and chore-hardened with only a slight stoop. He armed himself with a full load of fertilizer. "When will the generals ever listen to their privates?" said Gardener Sam.

BANG, went Muff.
Bang went Sam.
Bang-Bang.
Bang.

LIVING HIGH ON THE HOG FARM

There are two roads from the Los Angeles suburb city of Sun and Tujunga that will take you to the Hog Farm, high above the [illegible] quite and mustard foothills of the San Gabriel mountains. The paved one is owned and road-blocked by a local ranchers organization although the armed guard has been eased in recent months. The Hog Farm — perhaps the most serious, most successful, and grooviest hippie commune in America. Nevertheless, the folks in Sun and Tujunga do not dig the Hog Farm [illegible] summer the newspaper The Record-Bulletin. The [illegible] of weird [illegible] the way the [illegible] residents wonder about recurring rumors of Communist plans for the total destruction of Los Angeles and neighboring communities by violence and fire, on a magnified Watts scale. They wonder if these people might be a Red Trojan Horse in their midst.

Thus to play safe you [illegible] route, a one-lane, bulldozer [illegible] [illegible] forest [illegible] [illegible] Pyramid [illegible] [illegible] groups. A [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Sprawled [illegible] of geodesic domes, tents [illegible] cinderblock farmhouse. [illegible]

Four wandering dropouts discovered Hog [illegible] Claude [illegible] [illegible] who used it for raising pigs. [illegible]

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JULIAN WASSER
TEXT BY NEAL WHITE AND PETER SCHJELDAHL

THE HOG FARM, maybe the grooviest hippie kibbutz in existence, sits surrounded by a stupendous [illegible] mountainscape in northern California. Here's [illegible] assembling a [illegible] Cheap, strong geodesic domes draped with parachute silk, like the one at right, are the favored Hog Farm architectural motif.

FOUNDING FATHER Hugh Romney, 32, who in his capacity as Commissioner of Talk speaks for the whole Hog, frolics with the commune's Prime Minister Pigasus. At right, Pigasus waves the flag, emblem of his office, which is permanently affixed to his ta[illegible]

COUPLES

usua y on h tops over ook ng the farm

Adm nistration of the commune is on a da y ra n n bas s with everyone kids in d d r k ng a r s [e Mas e Da e Mas s W g n h ve th peo Ly ng together,' Romney observes. Th Da e Mas e ees hat h s get d r by w k Hm

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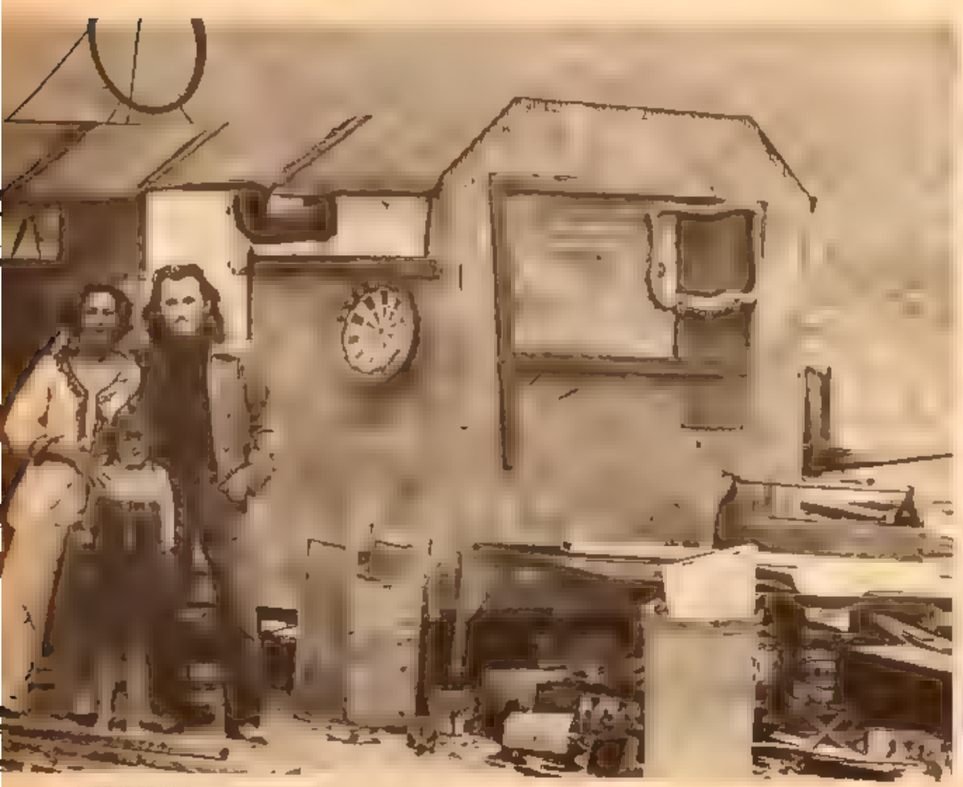
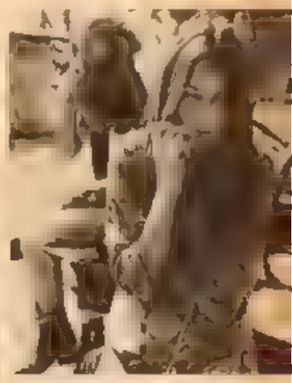
ad n hy E erv d Th M Far h r ev h ng A h v Th pr Th Far R Andrews' o many of them y etnam veterans, Th ardugo H s' ted the

by print ng Farm pe od ca y bo , ec ne to phys ca y assau t the Farmers en masse, beating up



HIPPIE HOUSE
(DOMICILIUM HIPPO)
THIS MISERABLE HUT, TYPICAL OF THE WRETCHED CONDITIONS TO BE FOUND UNDER SOCIALISM, ILLUSTRATES THE MISERY IN WHICH THESE SEEMINGLY HAPPY PEOPLE EXIST



LIFE IS PRIMITIVE dow n the Farm. Bur s s good. At eft, p and b com s up s ed. Ab ram and Red Dog d w h he daughter Fund a Both m de and und r wear h ve. At upper r ght a s d r s aped w h door the Farm s mo o ho e. At ower right Farmer B anche Zeu eeds h asus.

INHALING on "High H " a rise overlooking the Fa s r ved for the purpose, the d scr be as get ng up w h a ma ver ag c wreath ar nd h s head. Th

phalanx of Androids came to within a few yards of the farmhouse made menacing gestures and drank beer for a time. Then they beat a disorganized retreat when the tasty delicacies were served.

The Family Dog welcome the importation of the Hog's Department police and Angels as the adrenalin and togetherness they needed. The combination of the two groups together. The Farmers [illegible] finally that heightens Hog Consciousness meaning everyone grooving together and dissolving the people.

A New Dog orchestra and [illegible] experimental with the use of the [illegible] me[illegible] forms of [illegible] performed in a circle [illegible] pervertation. 4 deep drags of fresh air

reaching a climax as all [illegible] their last breath [illegible] per[illegible] start high-called samadhi in the exicon of Zen is sought.

The Farmers [illegible] peculiar amalgam [illegible] ern religions, a [illegible] They seek to live in [illegible] Bypless identification with a World Consciousness [illegible] any situation like a horoscope. You see people [illegible] more dogma to their religion than there is conventionality in their lives. Hog [illegible]

[illegible] this [illegible] Summer of Love [illegible] and [illegible] Right?" You know in the [illegible] the heart, and those are [illegible]

FREAKOUTS of all sorts highlight the Hog Farm calendar. A [illegible] stroboscopic [illegible] the dreadful. Pi[illegible] above [illegible] Forms [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

"Brain Damage"

SORCERY AS AN ART

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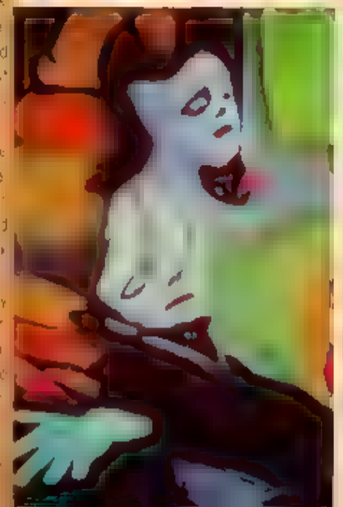

THE THRILL KING, QUEEN BONE, AND THE WHITE COBRA ACTIVATE THE DARK FORCES BENEATH THE SURFACE OF THINGS

PRECEDING PAGE | QUEEN BONE RECONSTITUTES HER BODY AND PLOTS THE CONQUEST OF MATTER

IMMEDIATELY BELOW THE MAJOON TRAVELER CREATES HIS OWN TWIN BY ASTRAL MEIOSIS

FAR BELOW THE PRINCE OF THE VENUSIAN MUNCHKINS OBSERVES THE DISINTEGRATION OF EARTH

A SERPENT SMILES PAST EDEN'S ANGEL WILITH

LADY SMILL LIFTS THE CURTAIN OF EARTHLY DELIGHTS

BELOW LEON SEON OPENS THE SKULL TO THE RAYS OF THE UNCONSCIOUS

QUEEN BONE HAD BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO A ZEBRA BY THE GREAT MAGICIAN LION

LORD DIPLYPOD AWAITS HIS LADY SOMEWHERE BEYOND TIME.

THE CELESTIAL COMMUNE

GENGIS KHAN, LORD OF THE MONGOLIAN
EROS FIELDS, WHISPERS "IMMORTALITY"

THE COSMIC BUBBLE AT FURMS TO ITS SOURCE THROUGH A MOUTH OF GRAND CURVES IN THE COURT OF THE TROLL KING

ARE YOU AVANT-GARDE?... OR DERRIERE? WHICHEVER, WE THINK YOU'LL LIKE OUR OFFER, SO PLEASE DROP YOUR GARDE AND READ ON

Dear Reader,

As you know, Avant-Garde is dedicated to the future. However, it is not indifferent to the glories of the past. And so we are pleased to announce publication of one of the most devastatingly beautiful volumes in art history: **Nudes of Yesteryear**.

Nudes of Yesteryear is no ordinary artbook; it is the quintessence of over 100 years of classic nude figure photography. It will undoubtedly stand as one of history's most towering tributes to the beauty of the female form.

The creation of **Nudes of Yesteryear** was a formidable undertaking. It required literally thousands upon thousands of man-hours of toil (labor of love, you might call it). Researchers were dispatched to libraries, museums, and photo archives on three continents. The world's foremost graphic designer, Herb Lubalin (who happens also to be the art director of Avant-Garde), was retained to design the book. And nothing but the finest craftsmanship—including duotone offset lithography, Kabel typography, and preimprinted case-binding, ordinarily found in artbooks costing upwards of $25—was ordered for the book's manufacture.

Like any artbook, **Nudes of Yesteryear** is difficult to describe with words. If, as Confucius said, a picture is worth a thousand words, not even the most complete thesaurus could do justice to **Nudes of Yesteryear**. Moreover, since no volume quite like **Nudes of Yesteryear** has ever appeared before, it defies comparison. Suffice it to say that **Nudes of Yesteryear** is perhaps the most novel, exuberant, and intoxicatingly beautiful volume ever printed—a thing of beauty and a joy forever, if ever there was one.

Of course the chief attraction of **Nudes of Yesteryear** is its women (you might call them its *pieces de résistance*). Whether gracing a velvet divan, gamboling through a field of wheat, preening before the mirror of Venus, modeling in an artist's studio, or mounting a street-photographer's donkey, the ladies in **Nudes of Yesteryear** are absolutely sensational! They're bathtub gin, pink-ribbon garters, love in a rumbleseat, French post cards, a curtained bed, tumbling in a hayloft, skinny-dipping in the moonlight. They're the kookiest, campiest, most voluptuous, sportive, and daring women ever to cavort before the winking eye of a camera.

Copies of **Nudes of Yesteryear** are being made available to readers of Avant-Garde and no one else. We have decided upon this policy because the supply of copies is limited and we'd like the book to fall into the hands of those who we believe will appreciate it most—namely, our own readers. To be absolutely certain that this occurs, we are going to make what is probably the most astonishing offer you've ever received in your life: *We're going to send you a copy of* **Nudes of Yesteryear** *ABSOLUTELY FREE!!*

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